

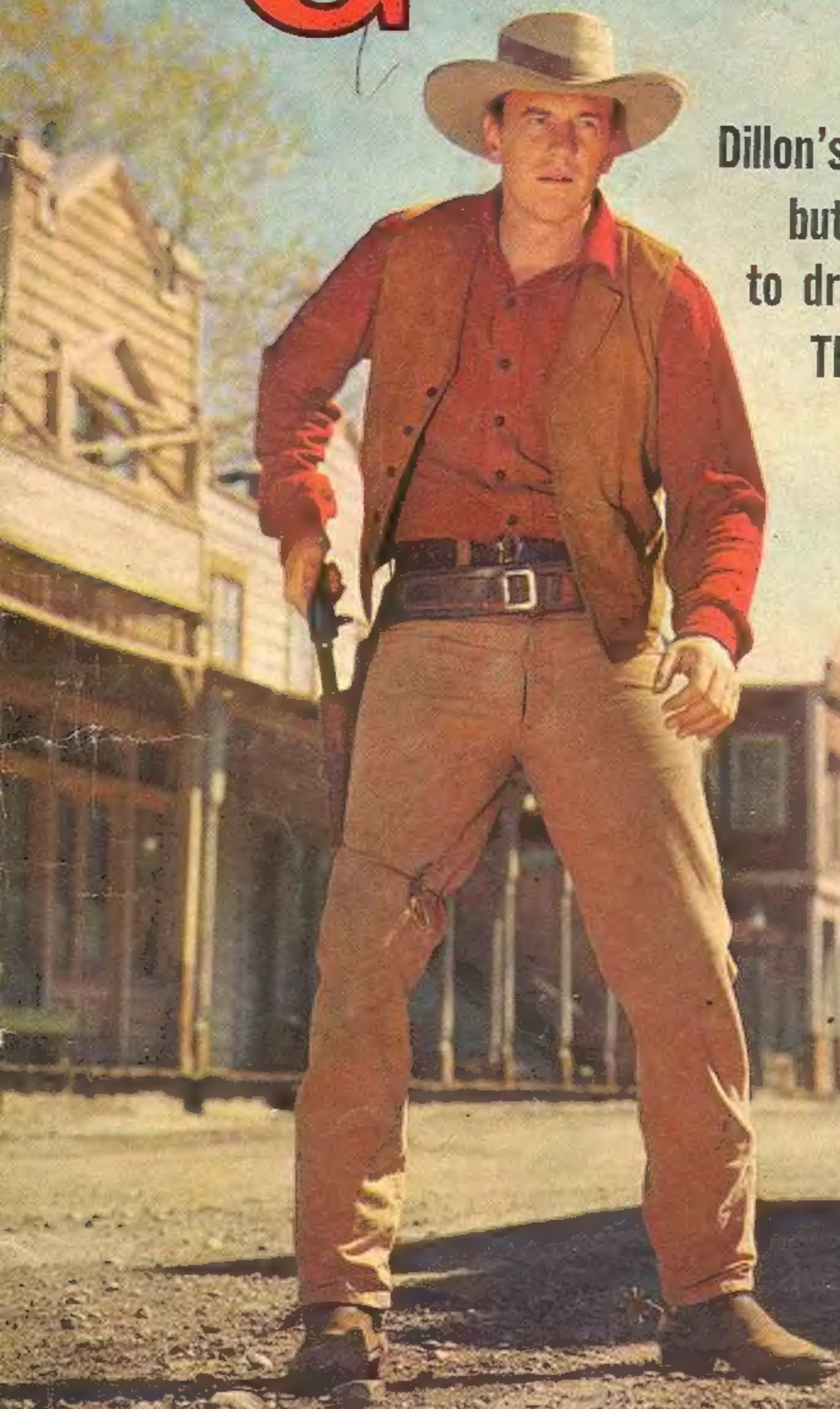
DELL

FEB.-MARCH

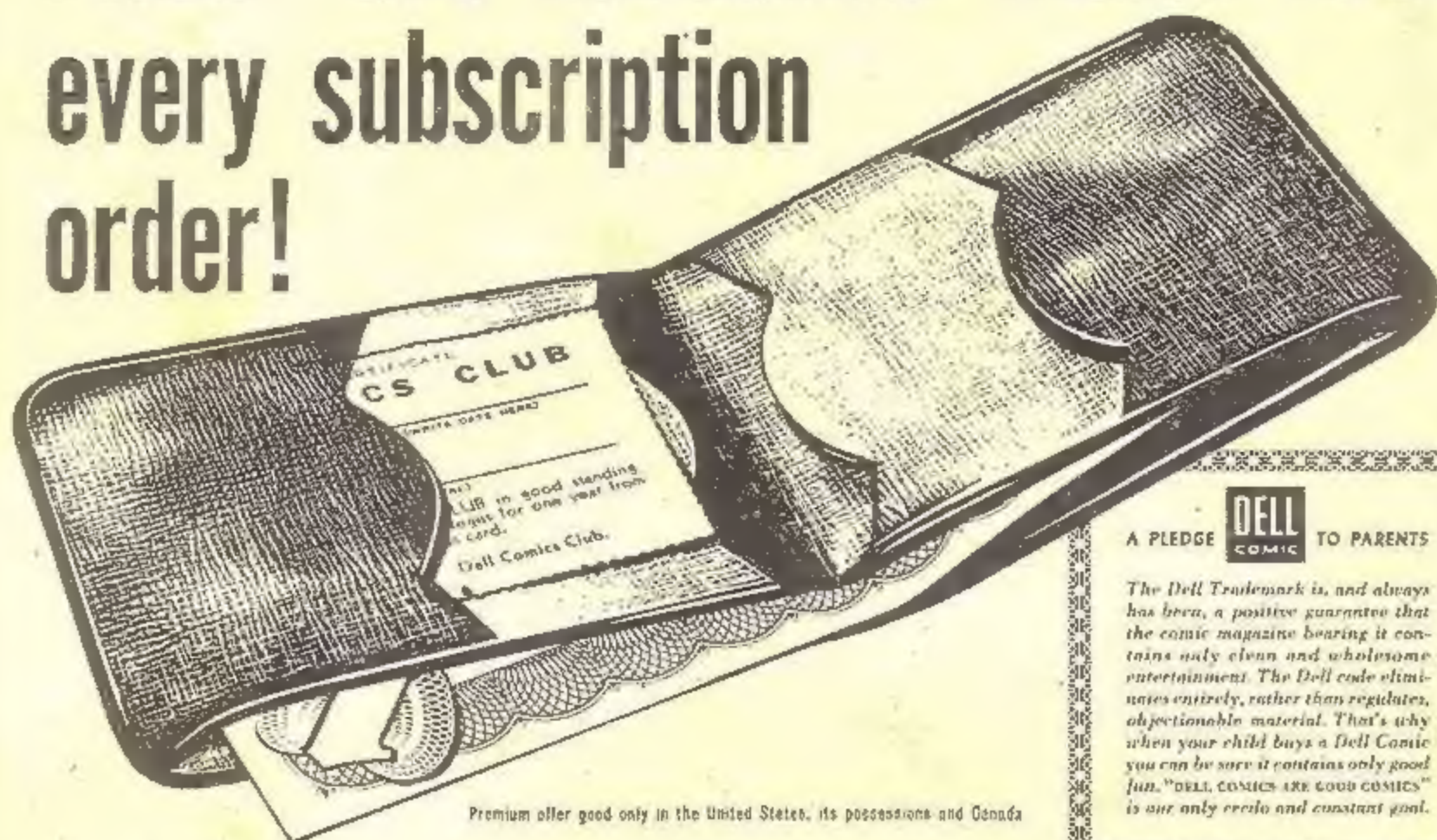
12-22 Still 10¢

GUNSMOKE

Dillon's gun was ruined —
but still he had
to draw against the
TRICK SHOT!



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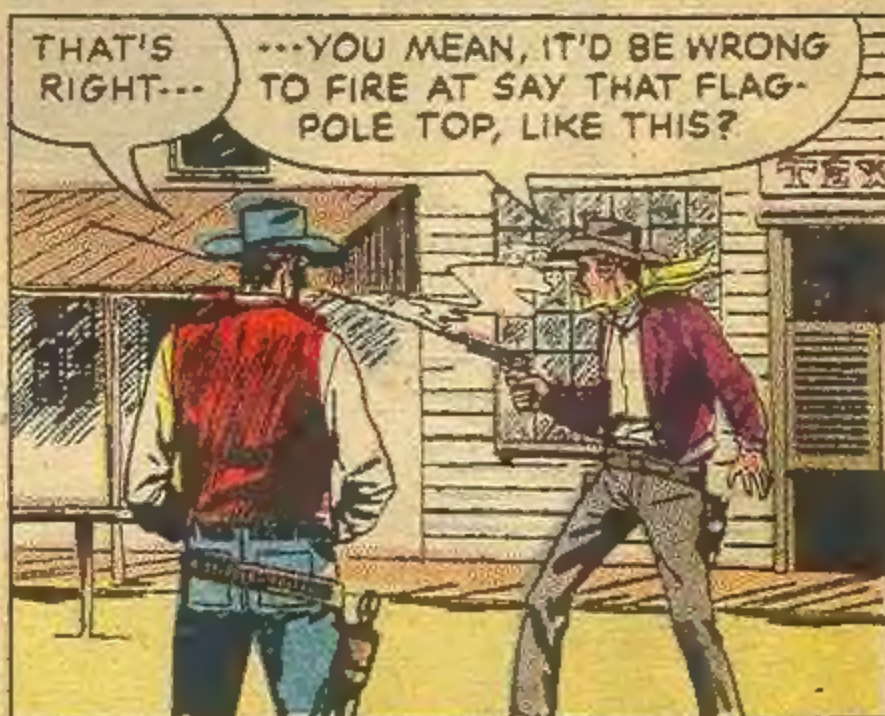
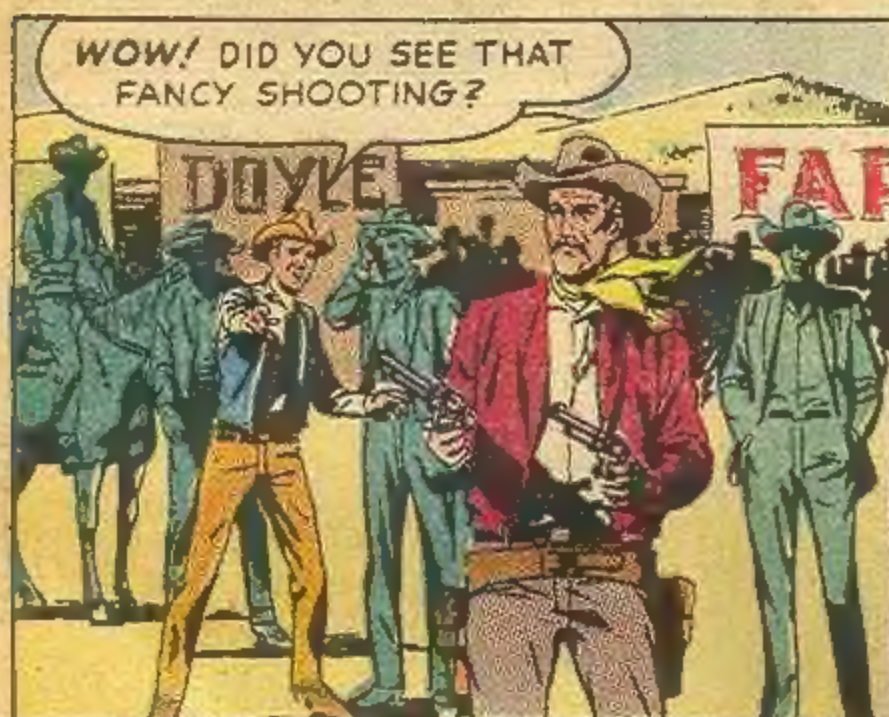
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GUNSMOKE

TRICK SHOT

SUDDENLY, THE QUIET OF DODGE CITY'S FRONT STREET IS SHATTERED BY A TATTOO OF GUNSHOTS, AS BULLETS SLAM INTO A FENCE...

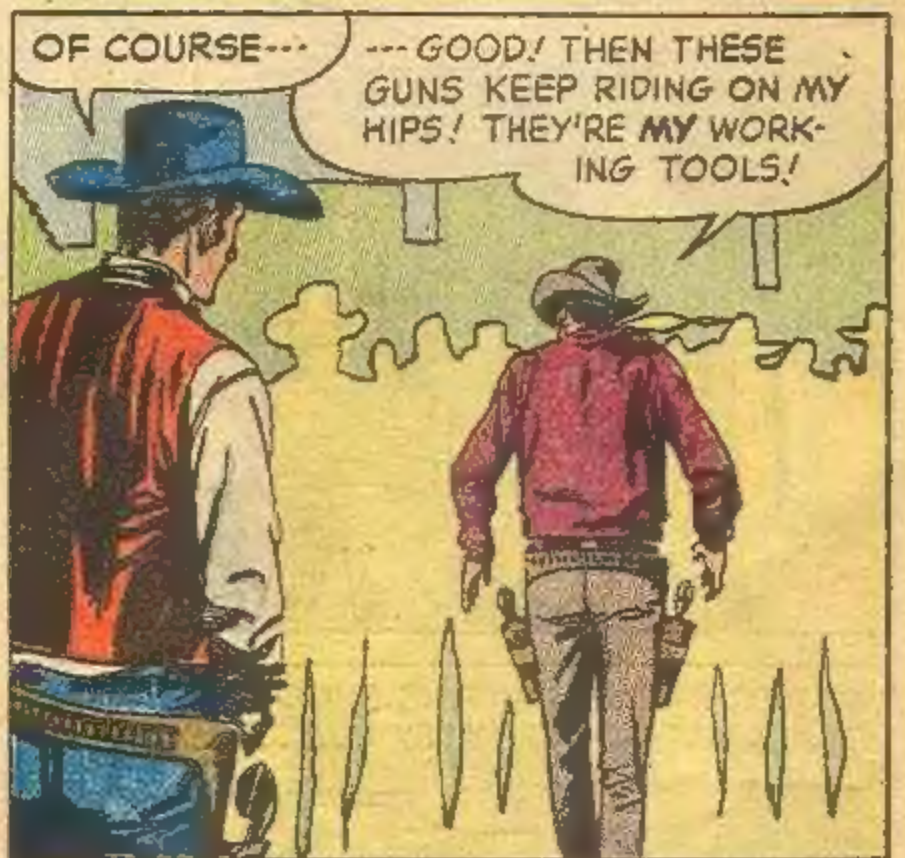
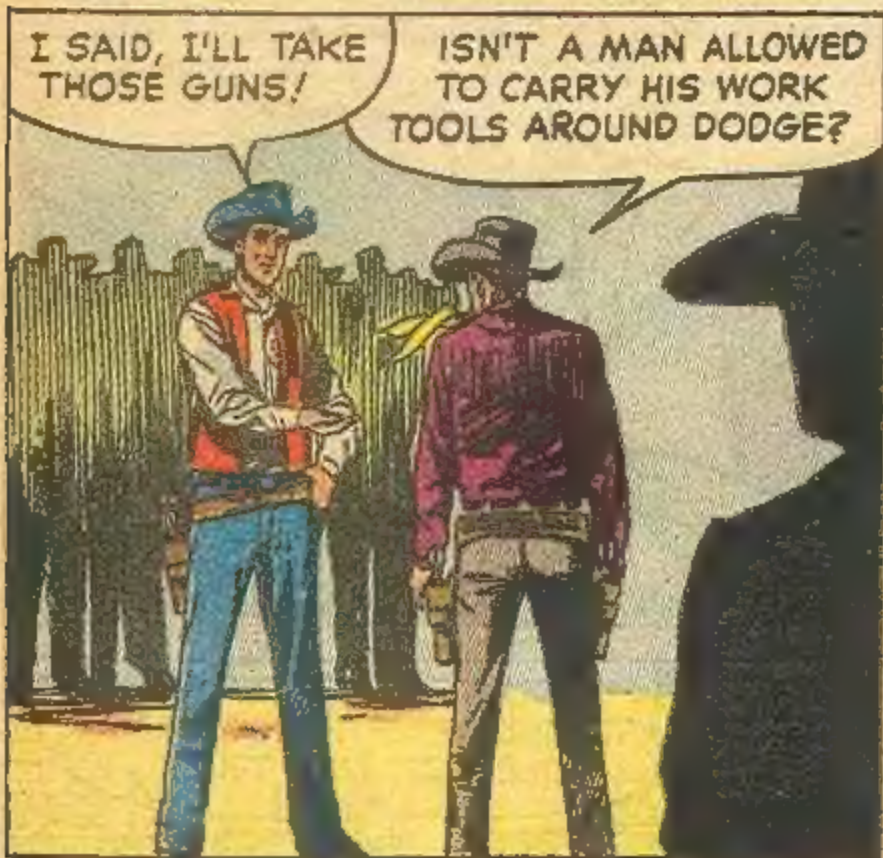
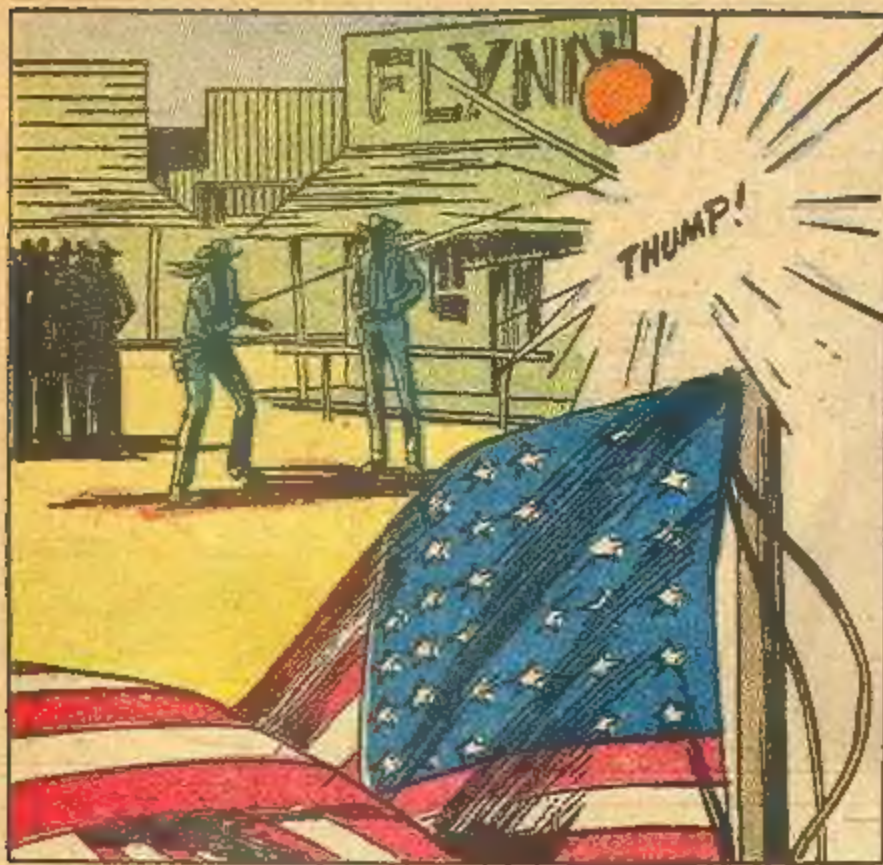


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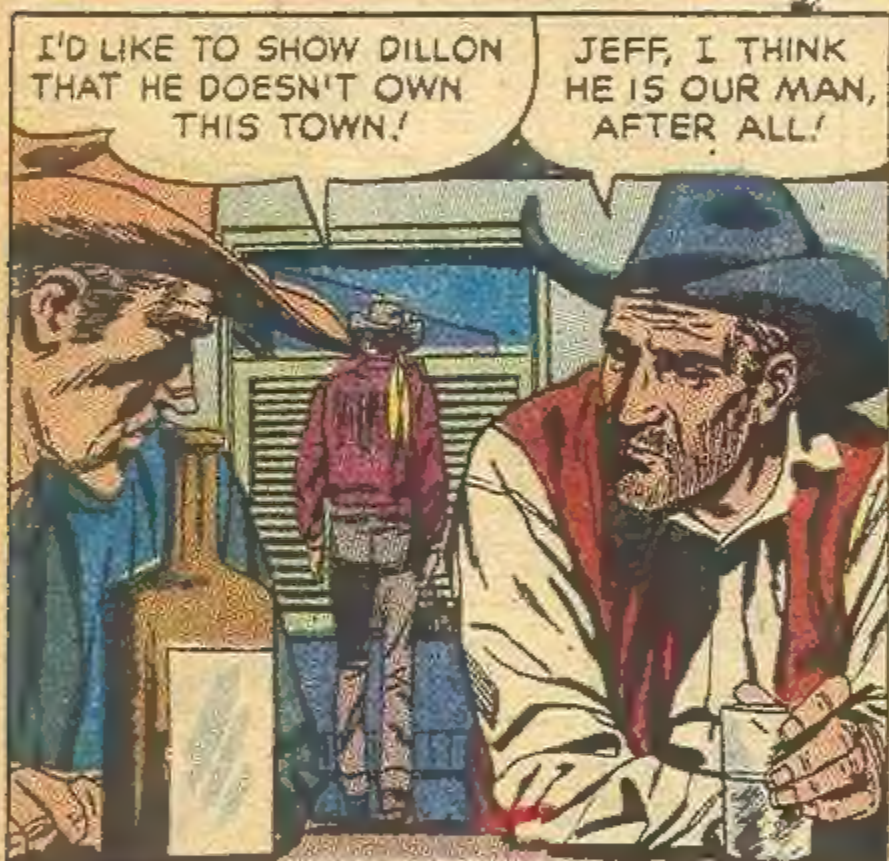
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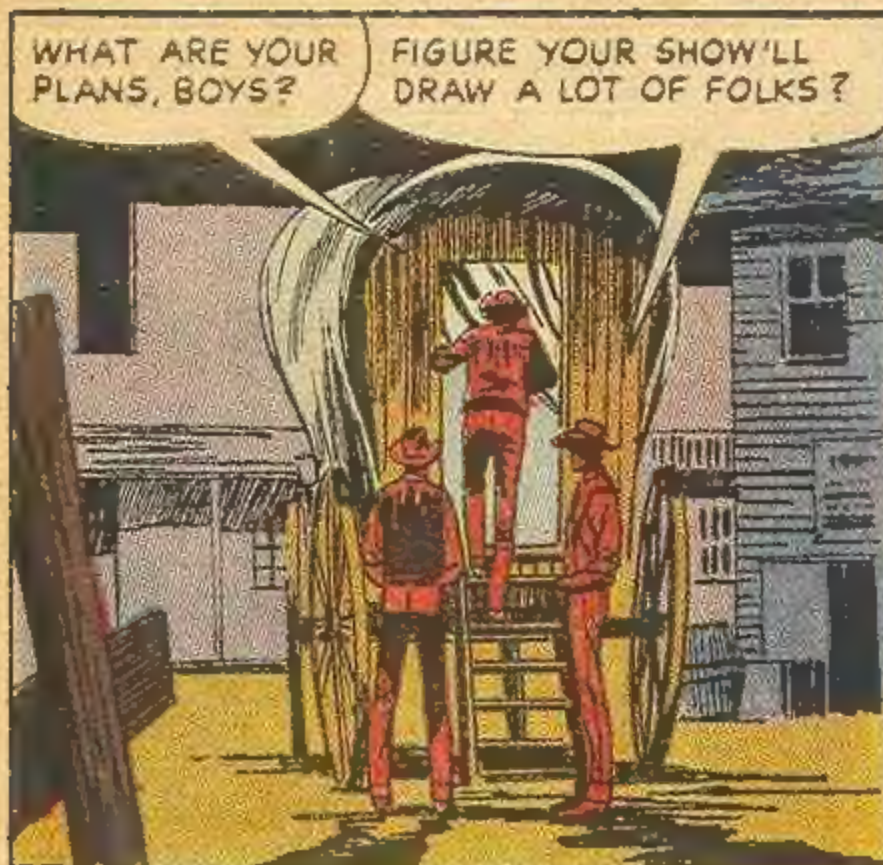




THAT EVENING AT THE LONG BRANCH...

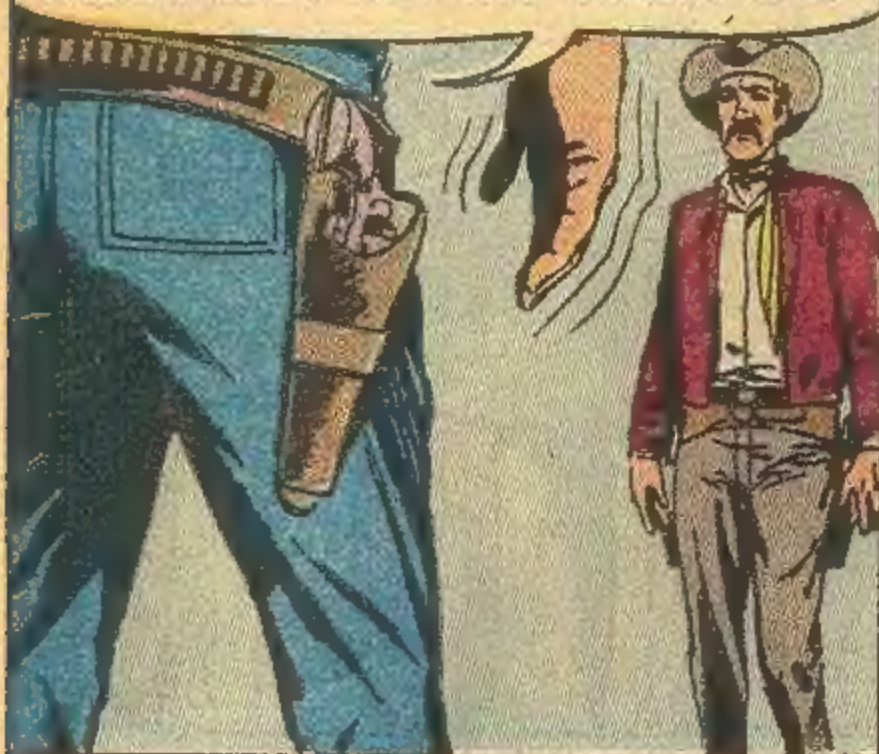








MY SPECIALTY, PACKER, IS DRAWING AGAINST ANOTHER MAN! DOES THAT INTEREST YOU?



WE-WELL---I-I'VE GOT A SHOW TO DO, DILLON!



WE'RE STILL WAITING, DILLON!

SHOW THAT GUNSLICK THAT OUR MARSHAL CAN DO FANCY SHOOTING, TOO!



I HOPE THIS'LL END THINGS---

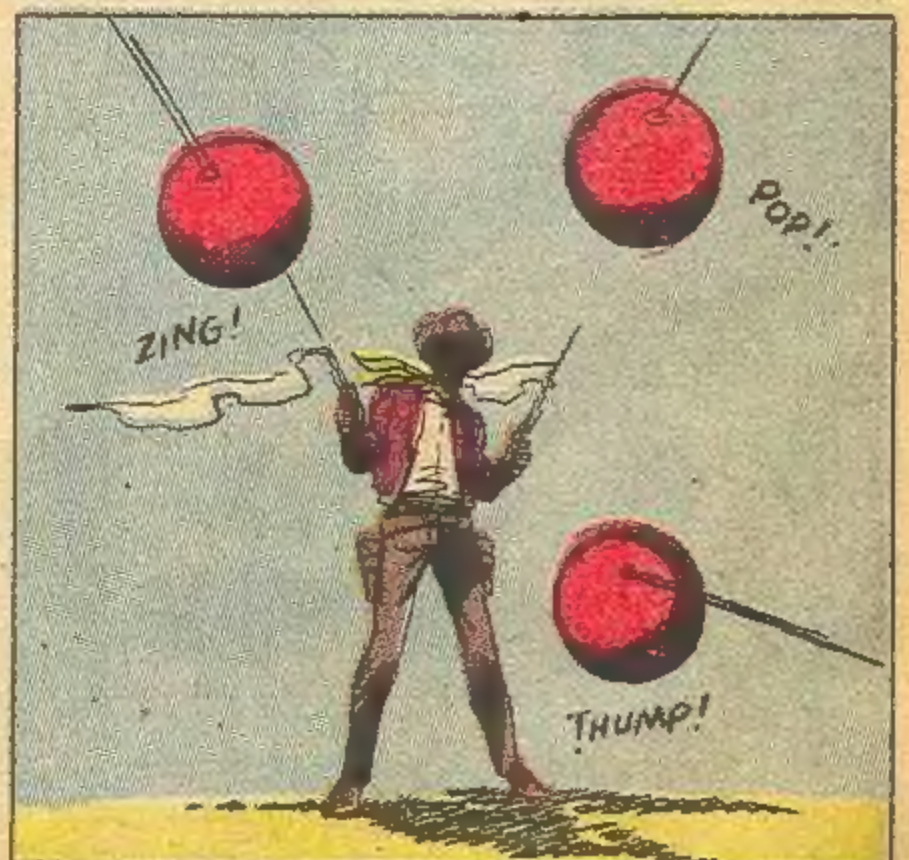
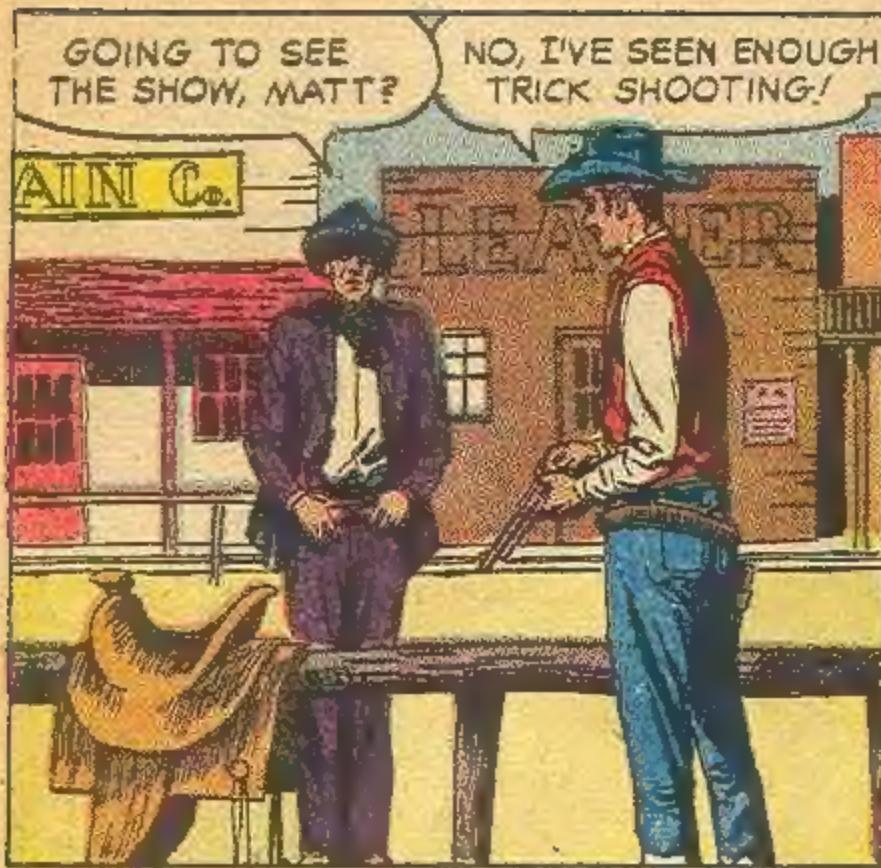


FOUR HITS!--- PACKER, DID YOU ONE BETTER, MATT!

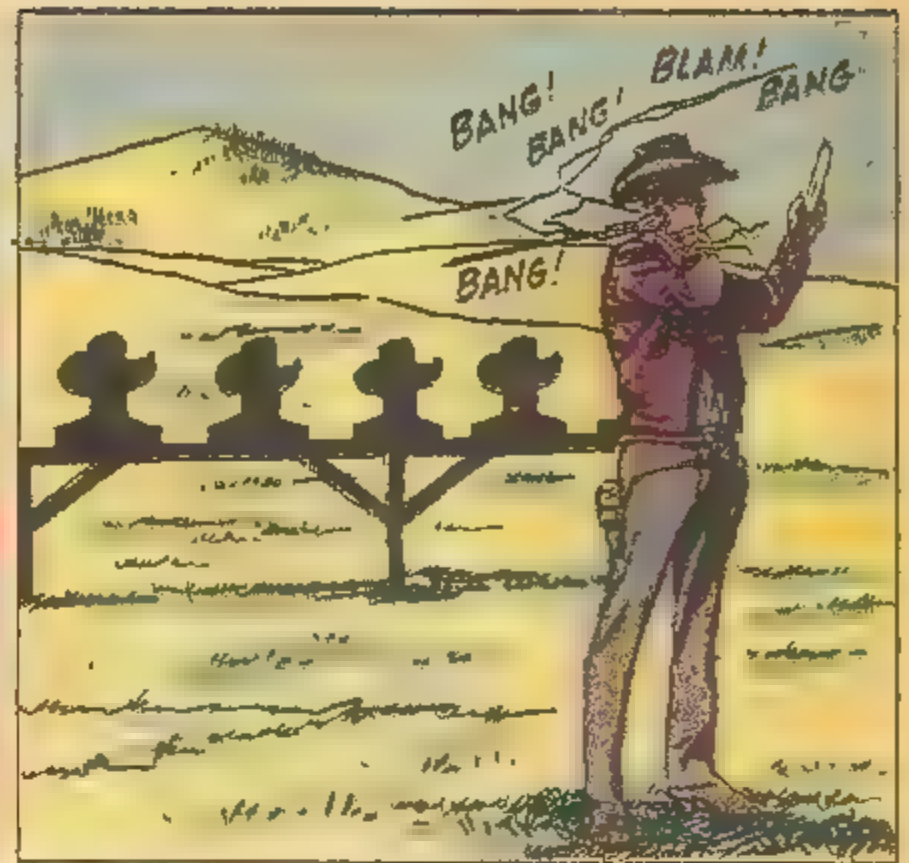


IF YOU THINK THAT'S SHOOTING, YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET, FOLKS! COME DOWN AND WATCH THE REAL SHOW AND HAVE YOUR DOLLAR READY!



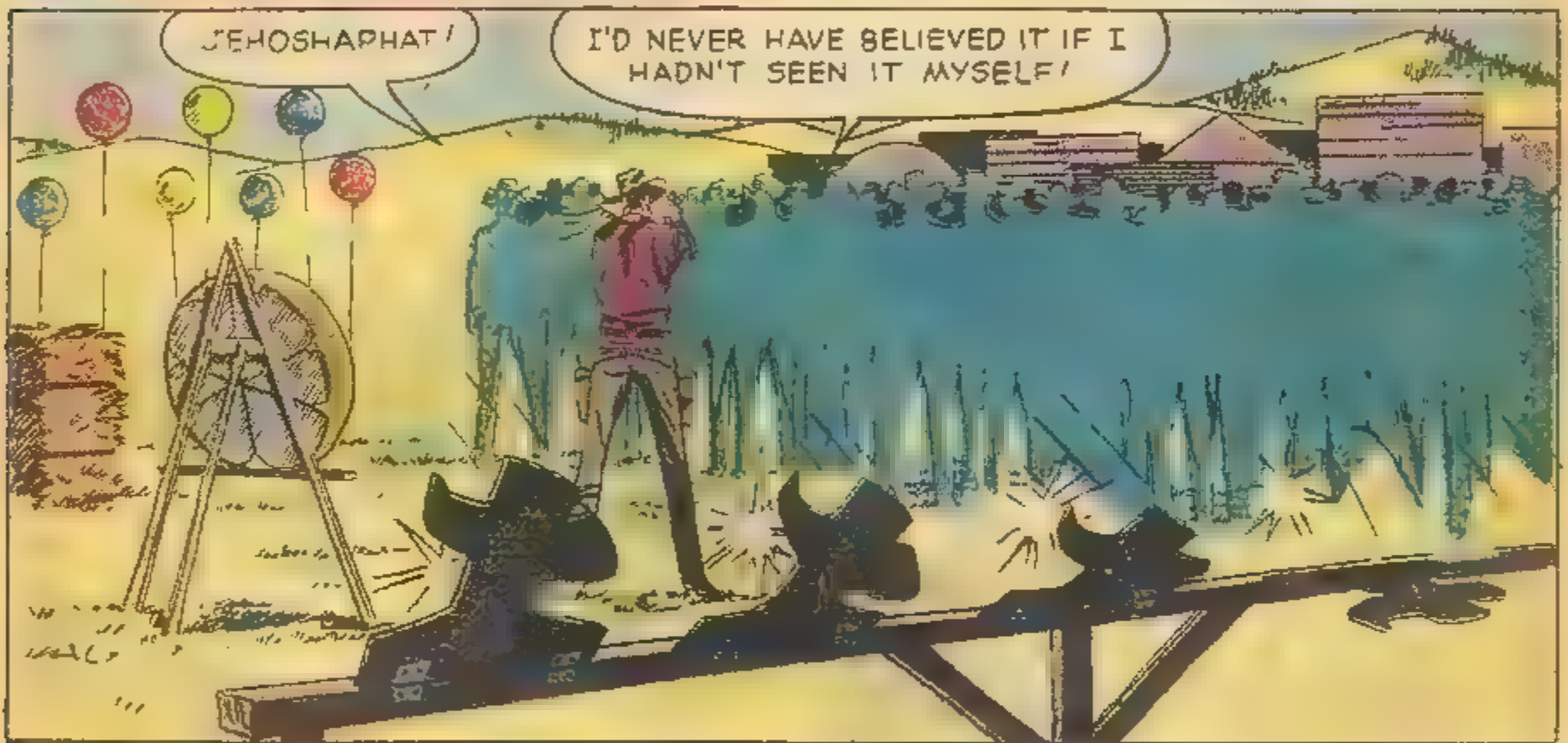


FOR MY NEXT TRICK, USING THIS SHINY KNIFE BLADE AS A MIRROR, I WILL ATTEMPT TO FIRE AT TARGETS OVER MY SHOULDER!



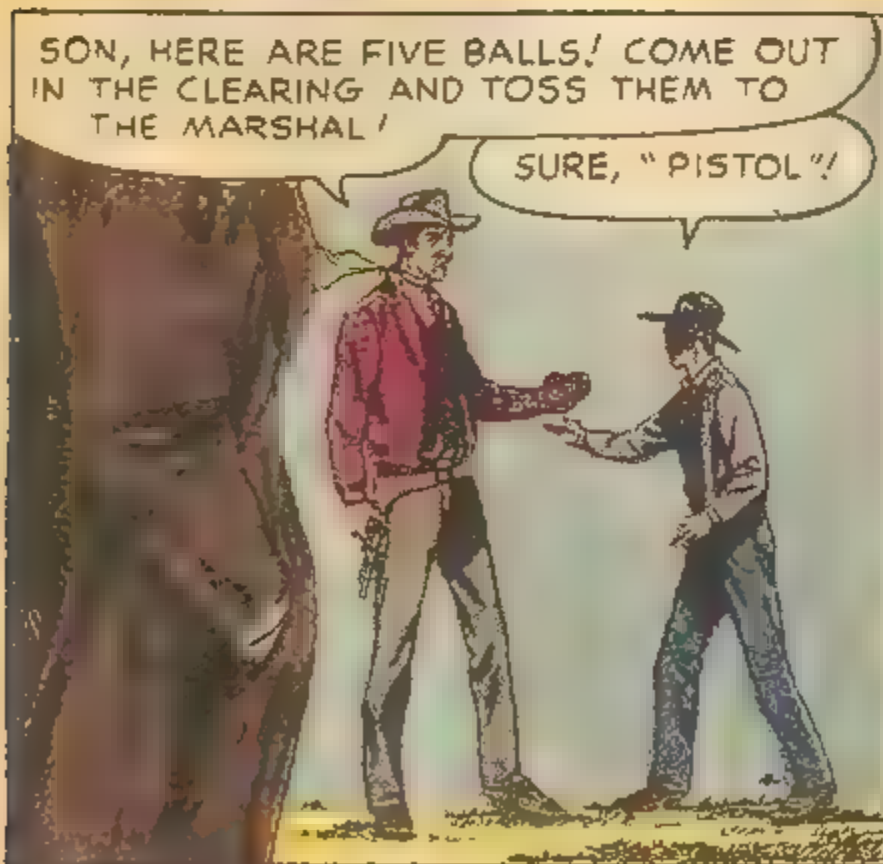
JEHOSHAPHAT!

I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT IF I HADN'T SEEN IT MYSELF!



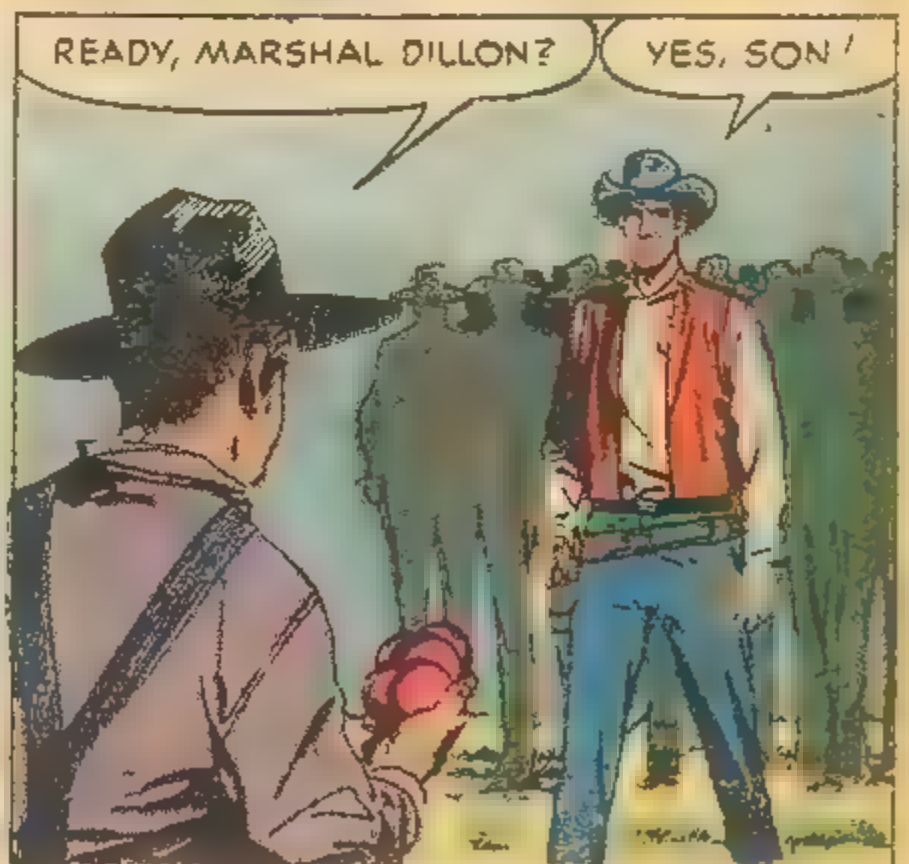
SON, HERE ARE FIVE BALLS! COME OUT IN THE CLEARING AND TOSS THEM TO THE MARSHAL!

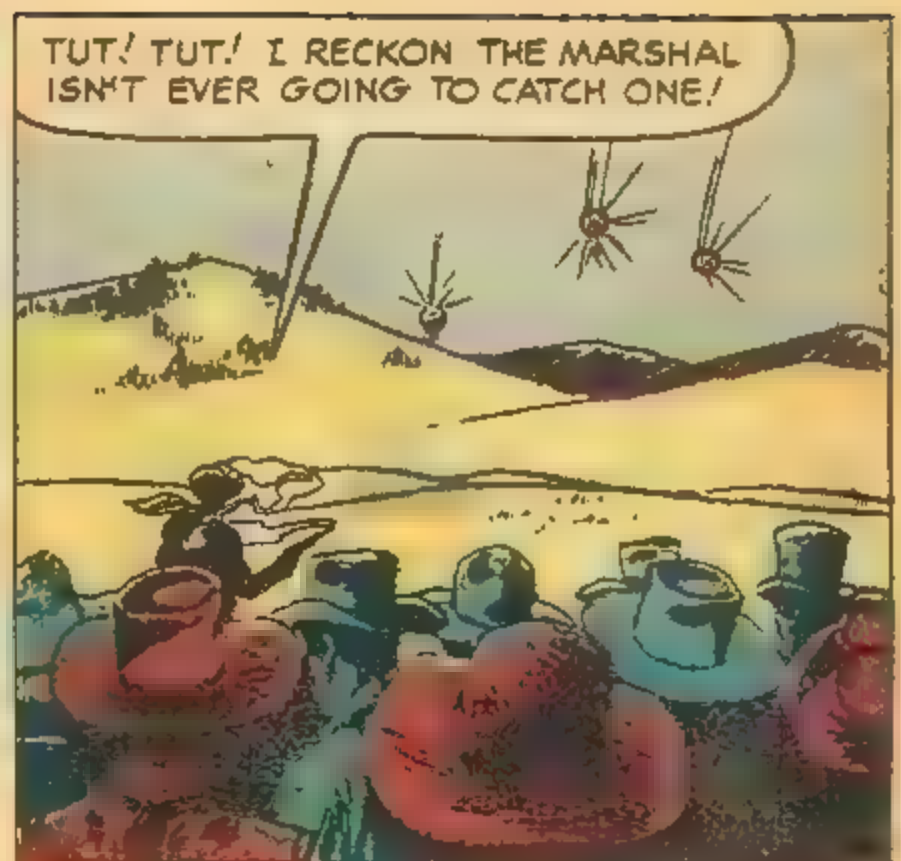
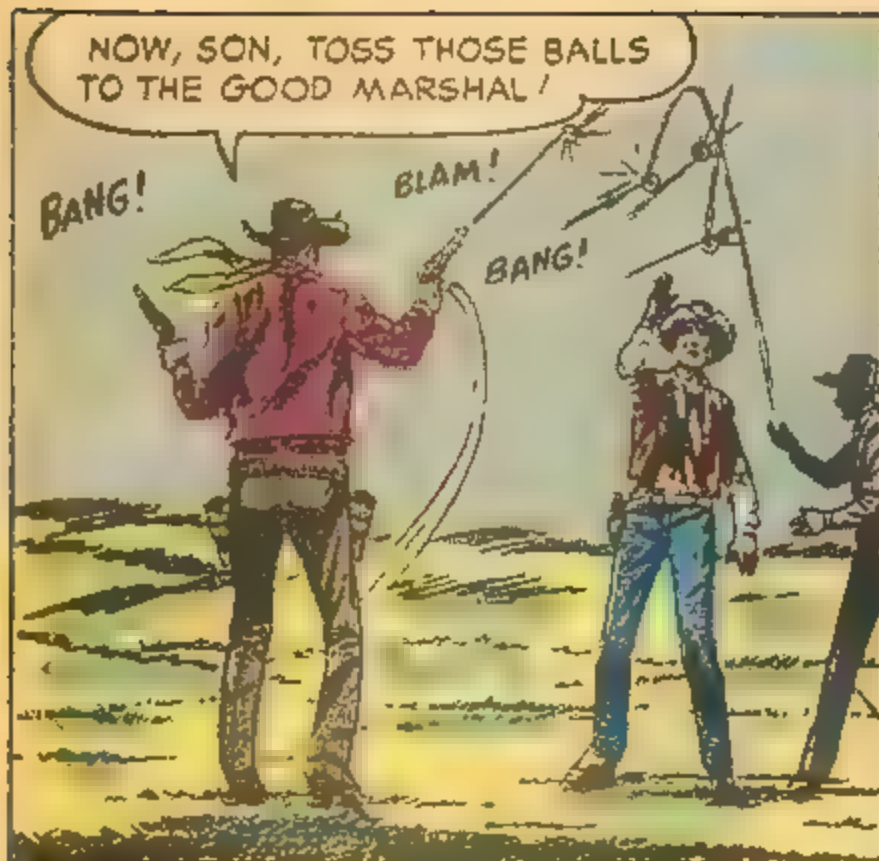
SURE, "PISTOL"!



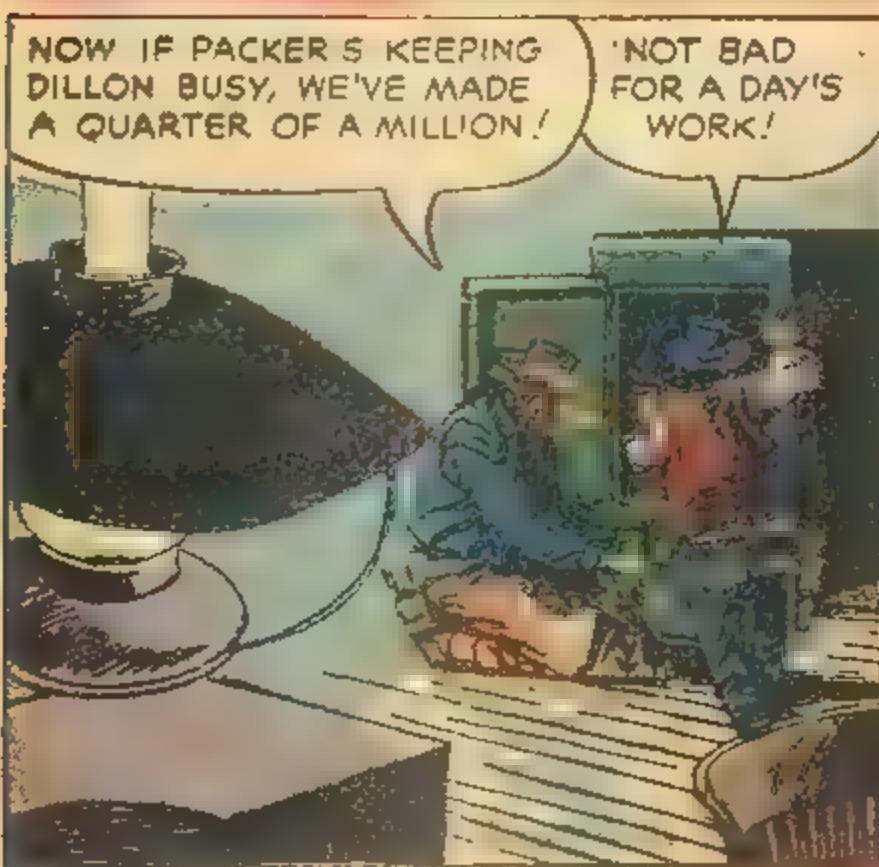
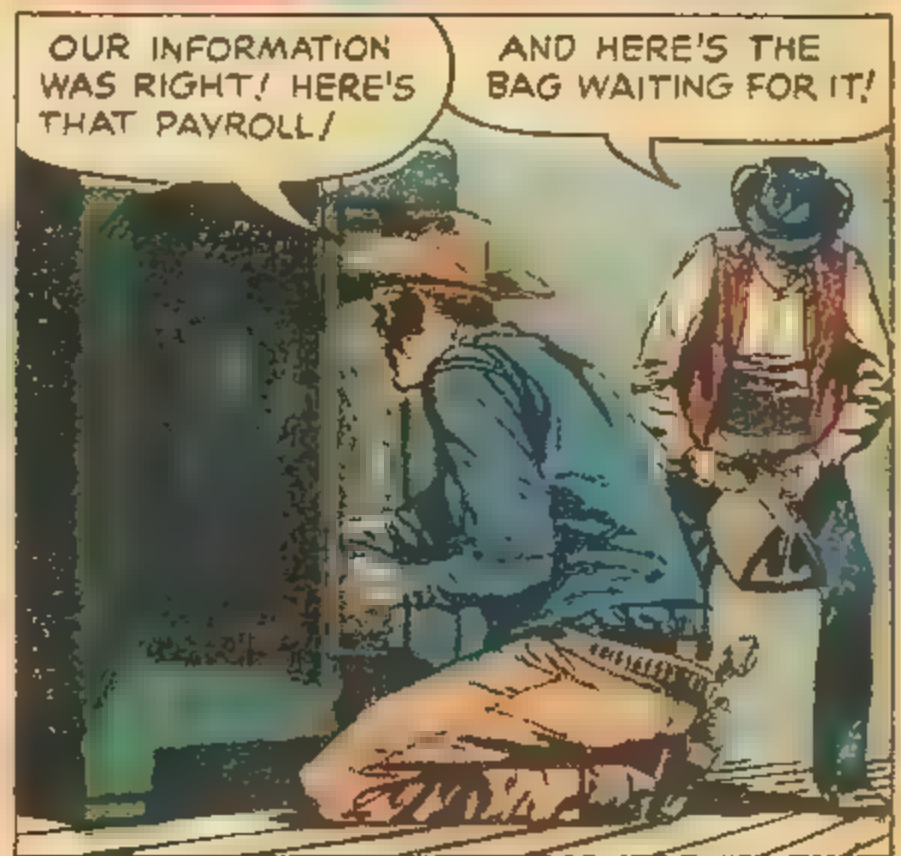
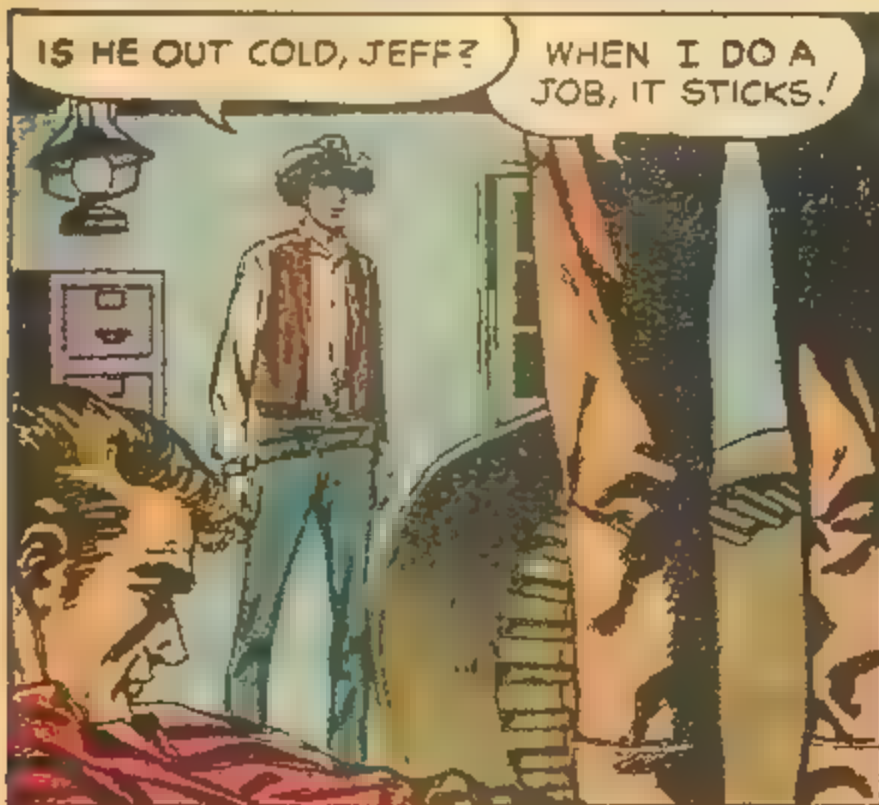
READY, MARSHAL DILLON?

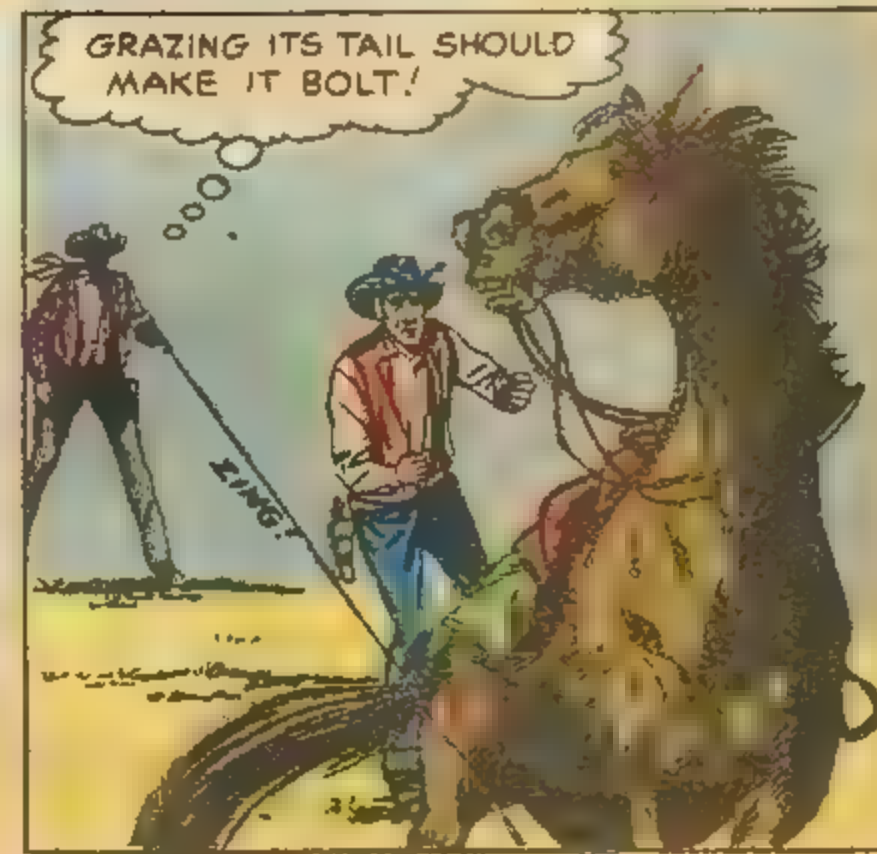
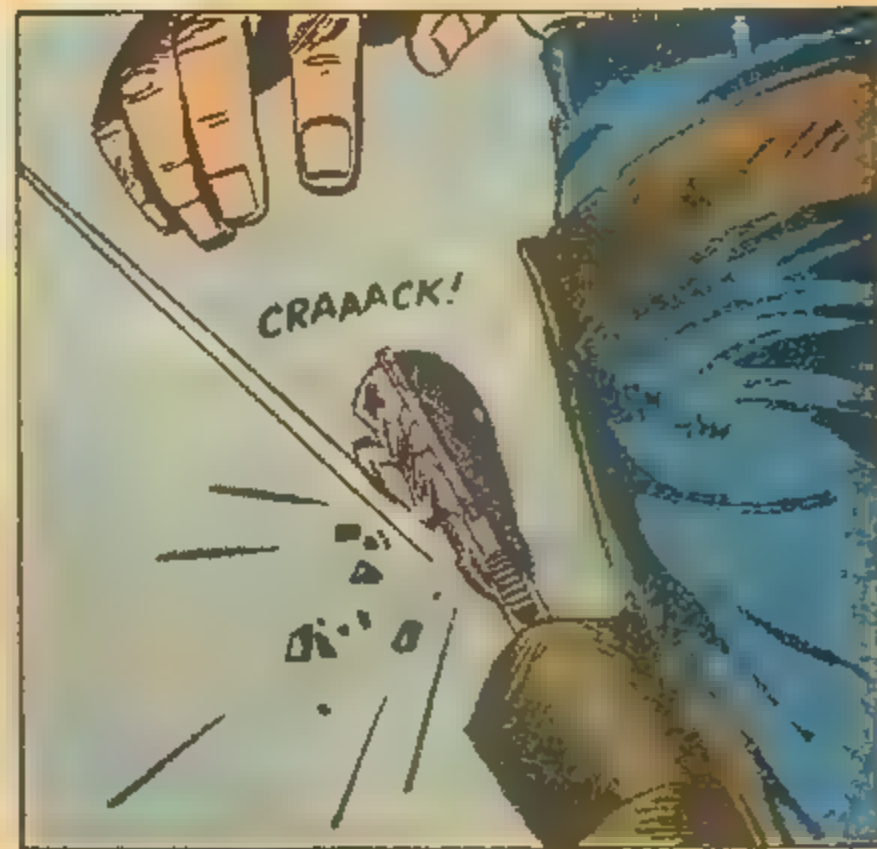
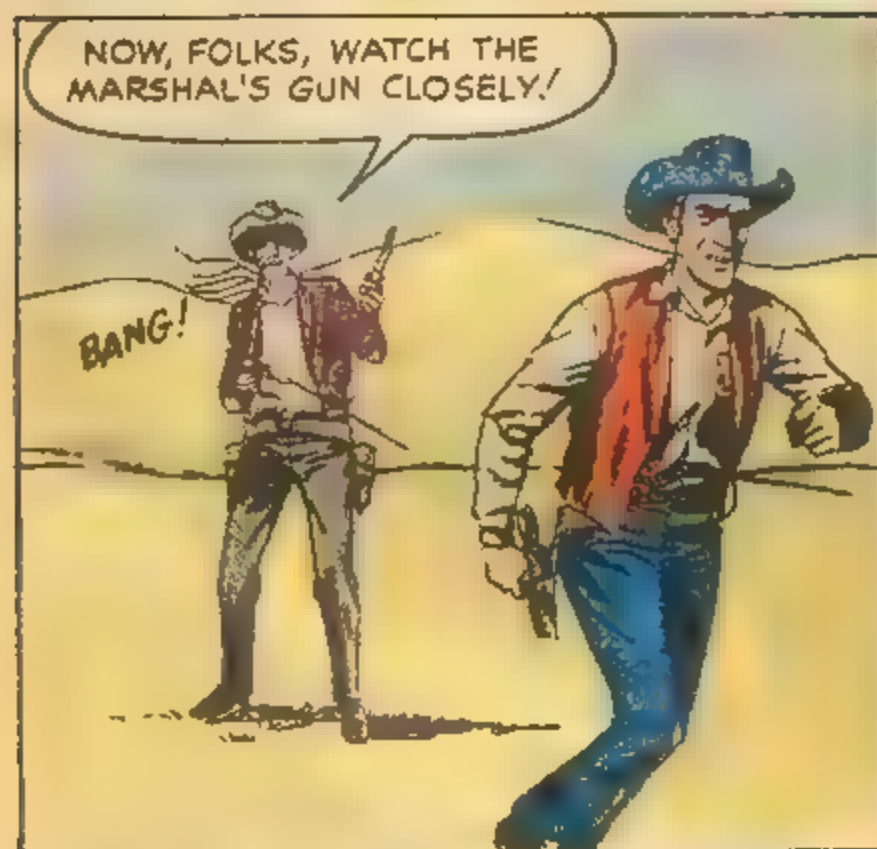
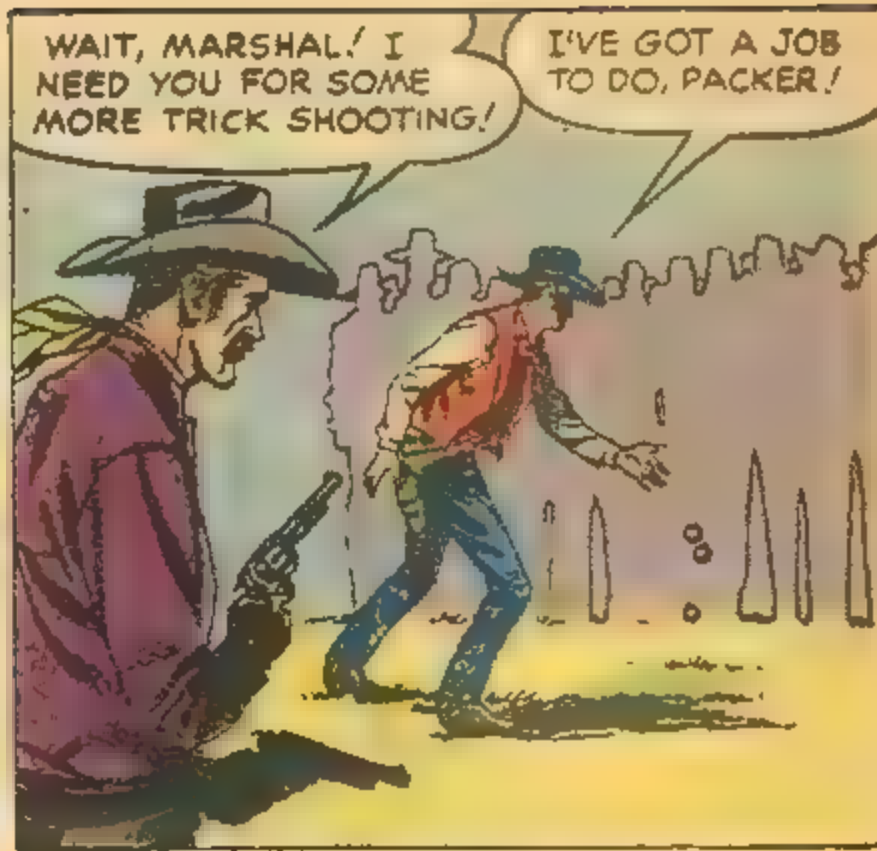
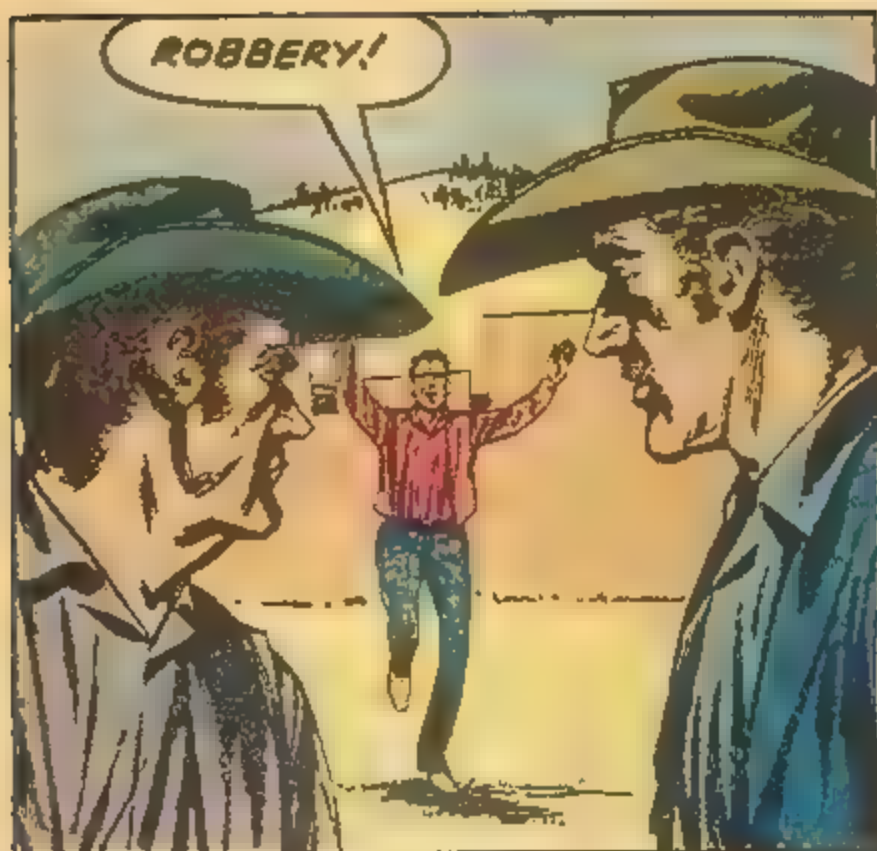
YES, SON!

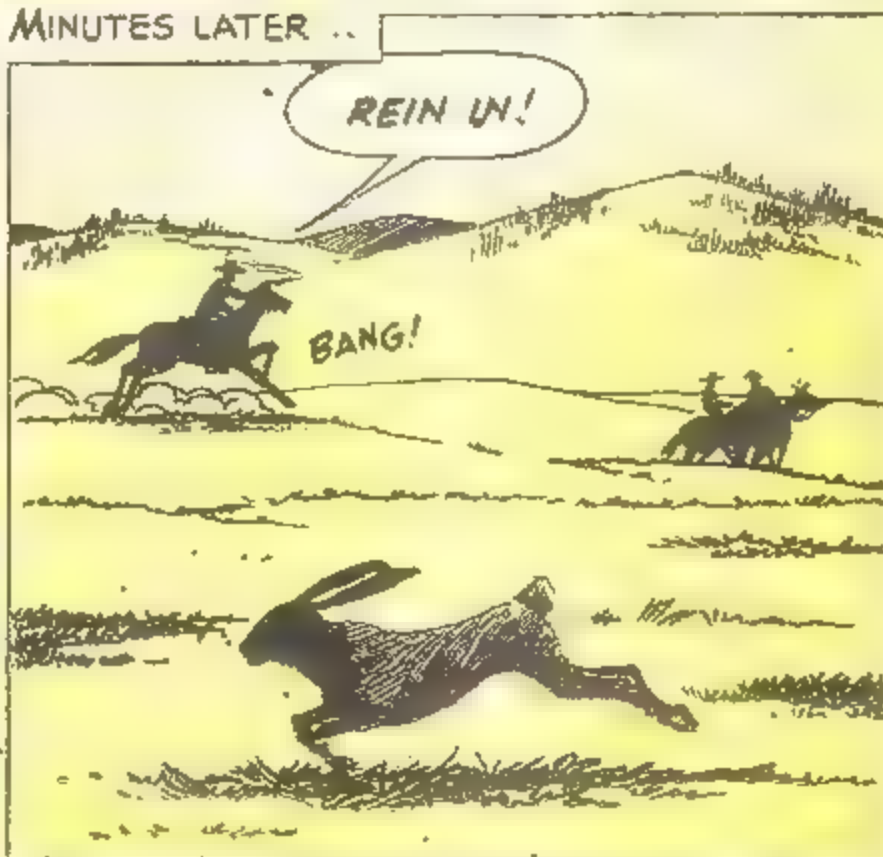
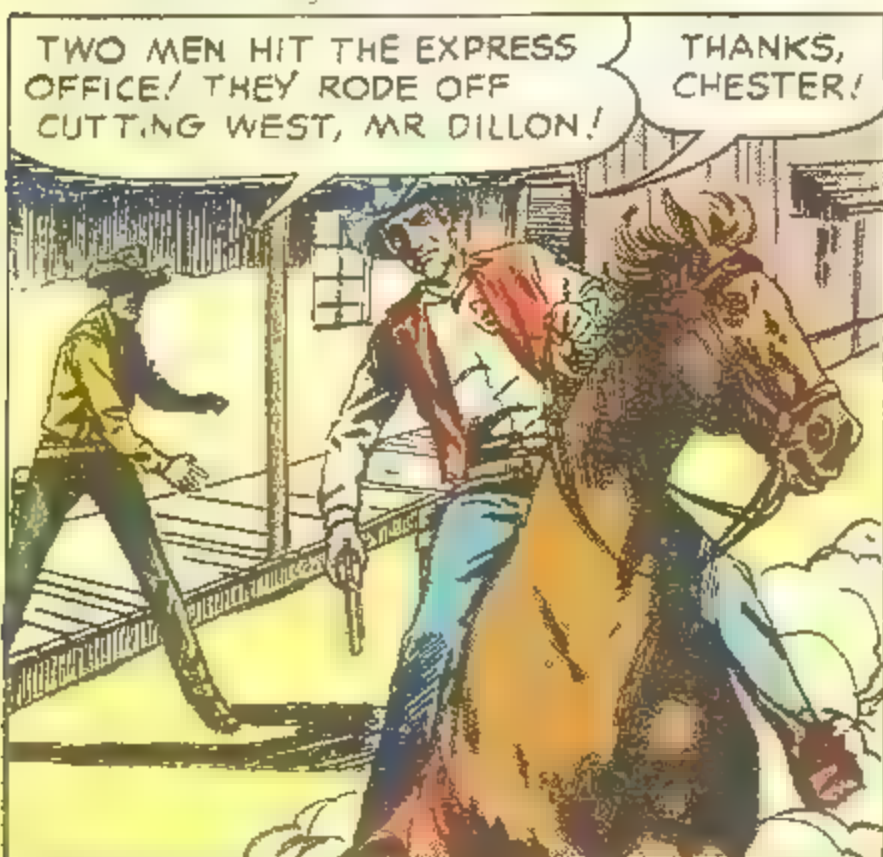
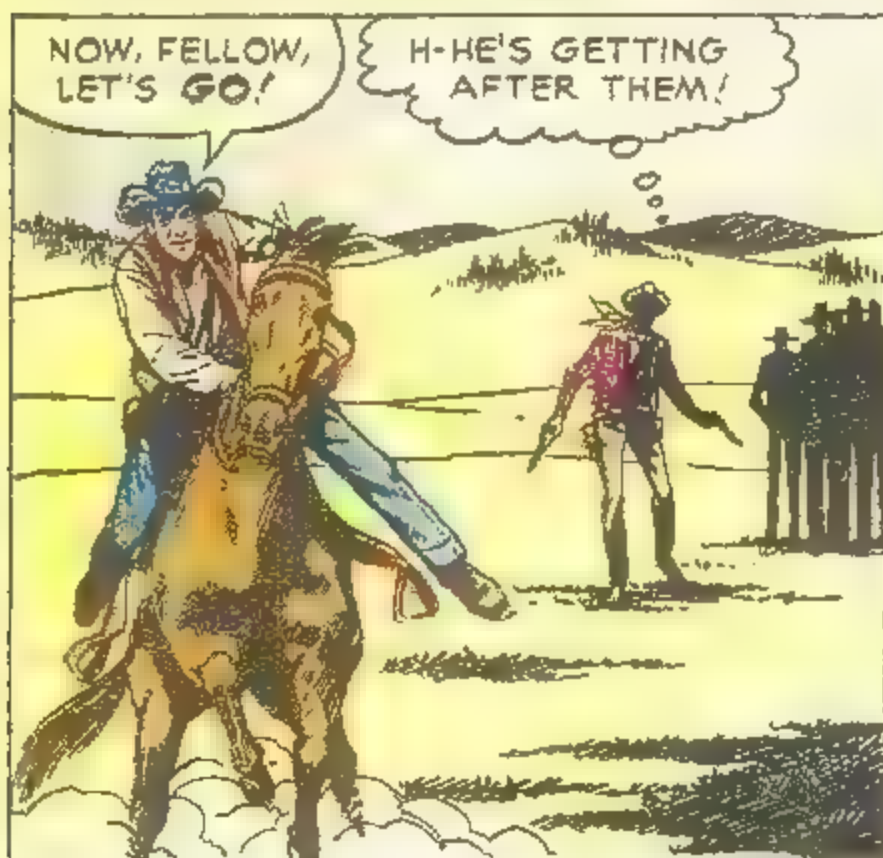
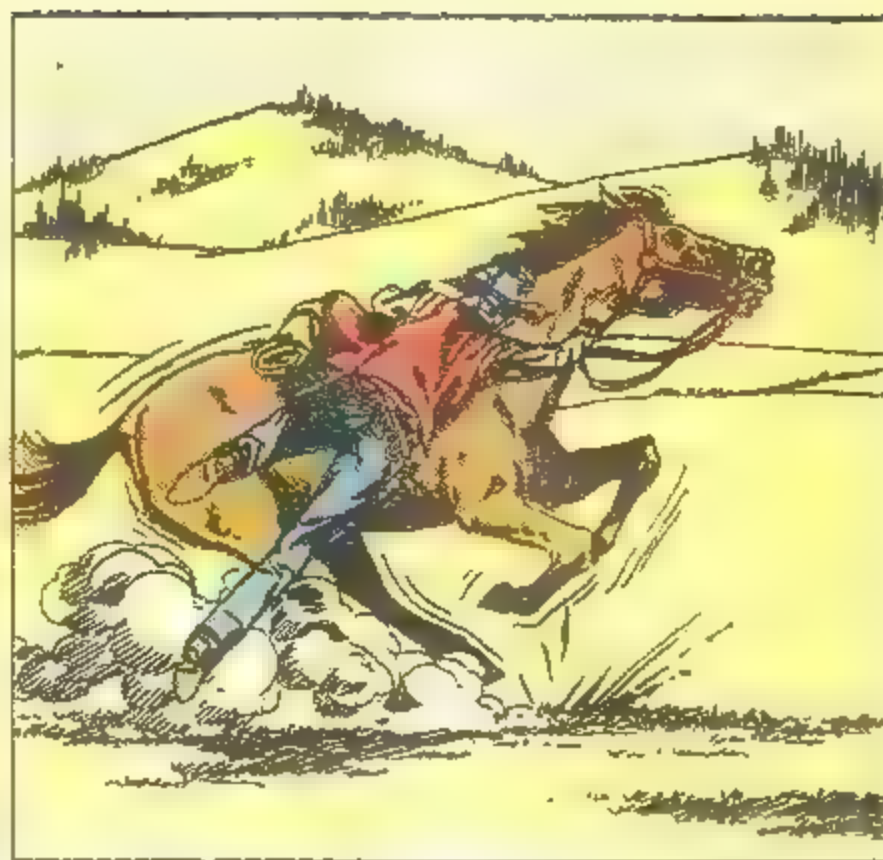


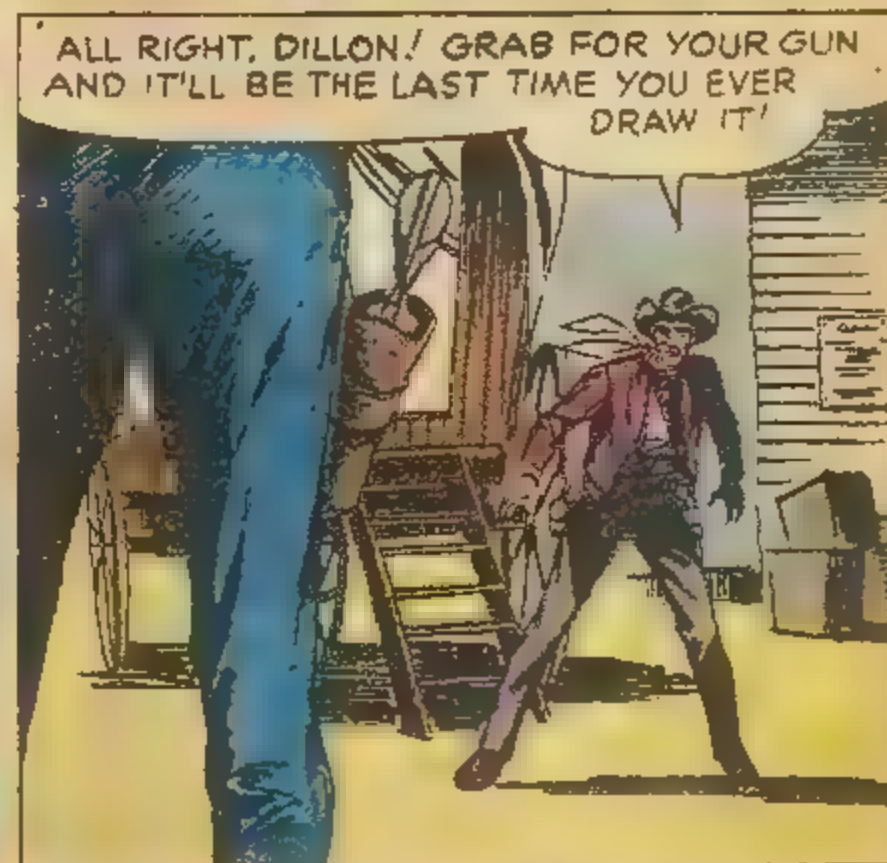
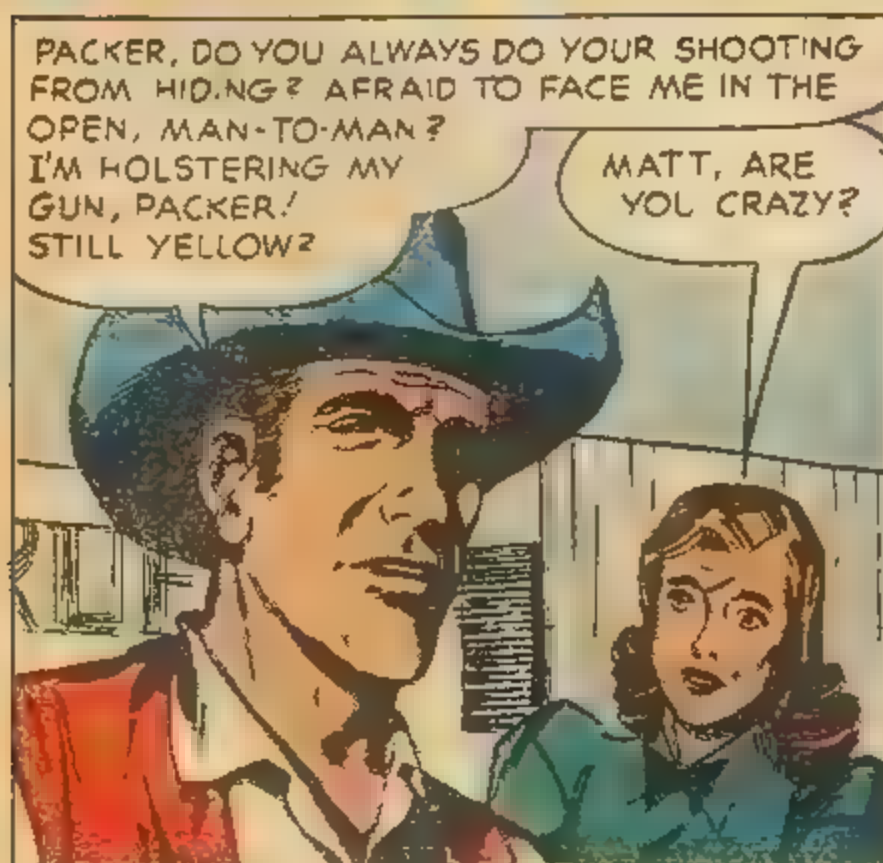
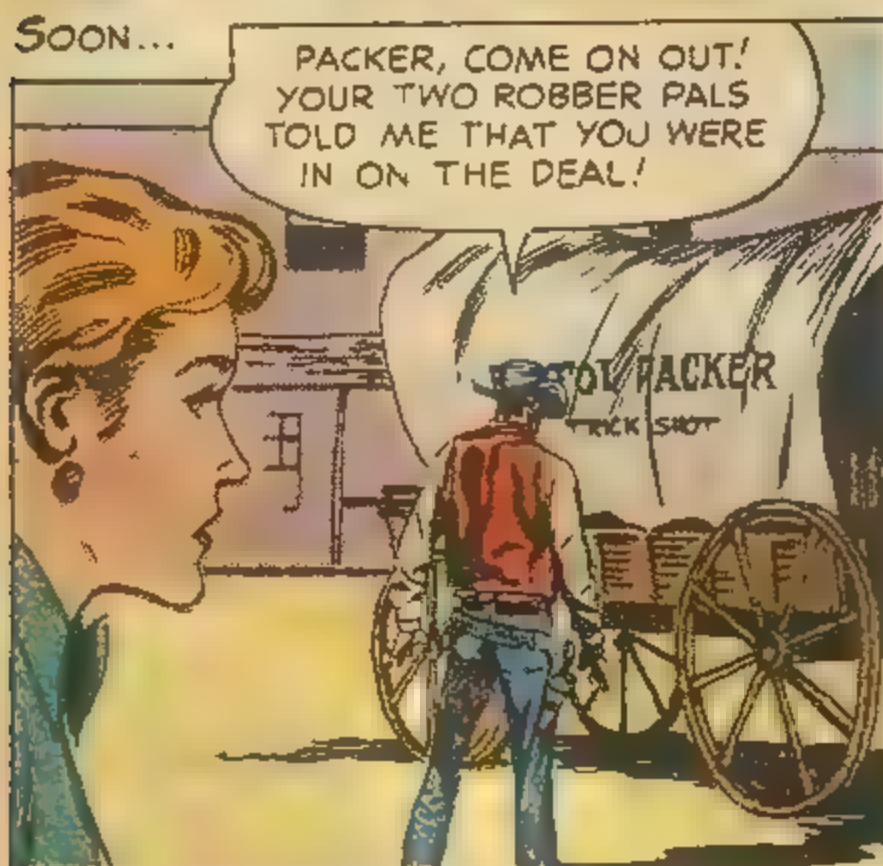
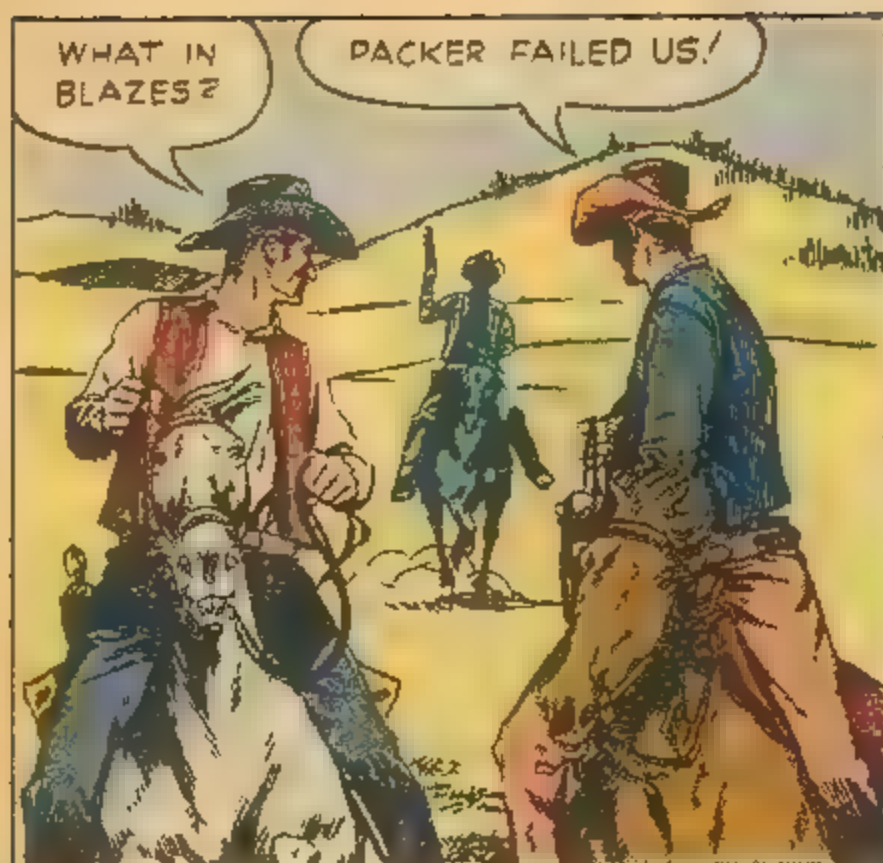


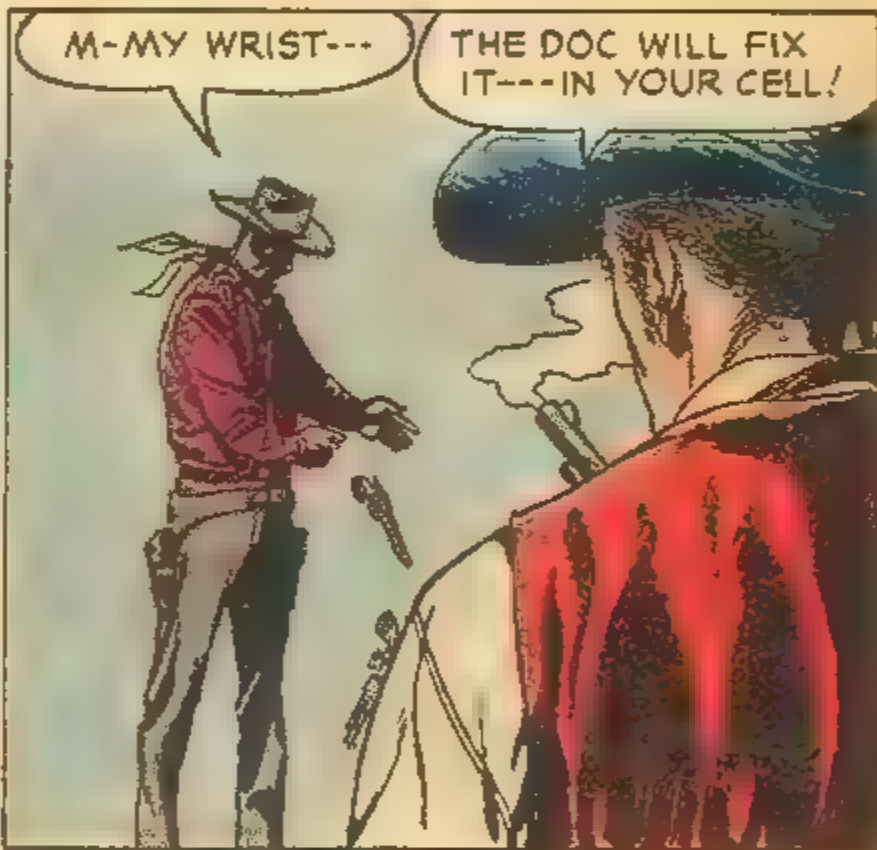
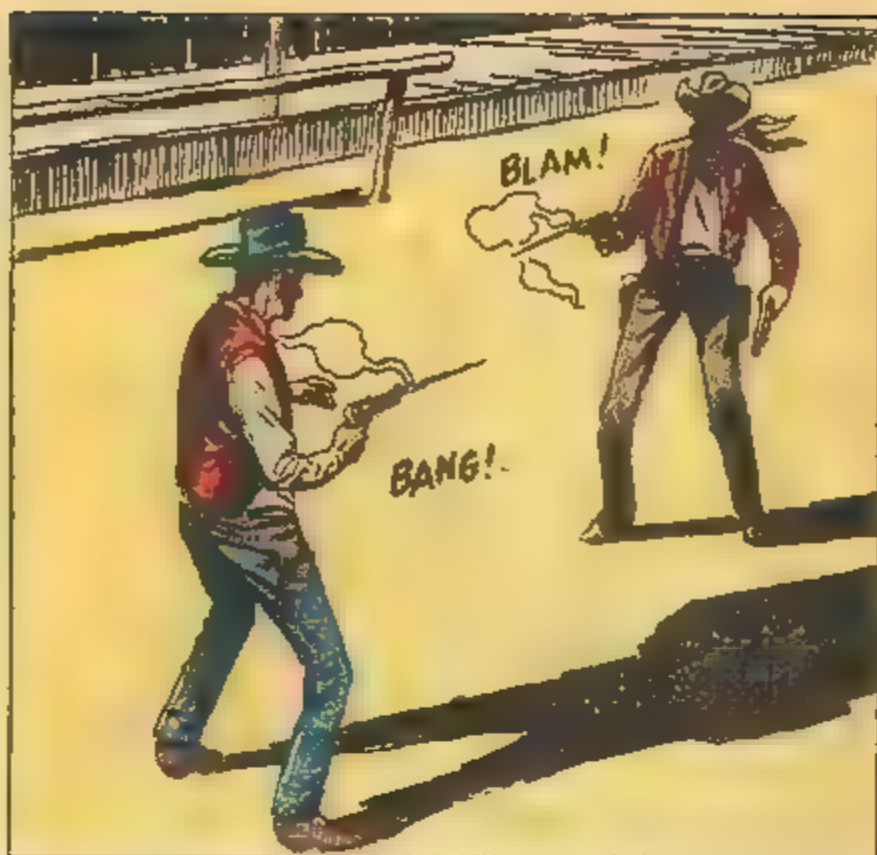
MEANWHILE, AT THE DODGE EXPRESS OFFICE...



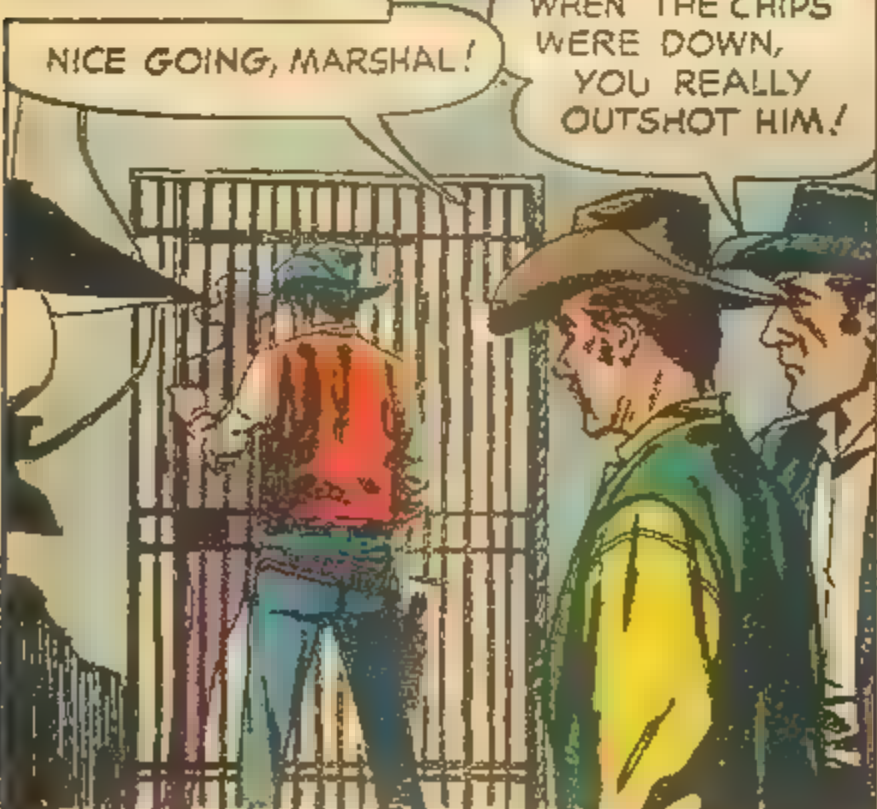








MINUTES LATER...



NICE GOING, MARSHAL!

WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, YOU REALLY OUTSHOT HIM!



BUT MATT, YOU TOOK AN AWFUL CHANCE FACING A DEAD SHOT LIKE PACKER!

HE'S GREAT AGAINST A TARGET THAT CAN'T SHOOT BACK, KITTY! BUT YESTERDAY, WHEN I ASKED HIM IF HE'D LIKE TO DRAW ON ME, I SAW HIS HAND SHAKING! THAT'S WHY I FIGURED IN A GUN DUEL THERE WAS A GOOD CHANCE FEAR MIGHT MAKE HIM COME OUT SECOND BEST!

THE END

barbed-wire *Feud*



Old Herb Mallock claimed you didn't need to run a ranch with a six-gun. He'd always said if you had to back up a branding-iron with a shooting-iron there was something the matter with both your head and your heart.

He was still claiming this on the morning he and his son Frank hazed their herd of Circle-Dot beefs to the pool in Buffalo Valley—and found their way blocked by barbed wire. It was tight, new wire that glinted brightly in the sun.

More sun glints came from the half-drawn guns of three silent, bleak-faced men who lounged in saddle. Old man Mallock recognized one of them as Len Spivin, the new owner of the K-G spread which adjoined his own.

"How come this wire," Mallock demanded. "The Circle-Dot and the K-G have shared this water hole for 32 years."

"They don't any more," came Spivin's hard-bitten answer. "This is likely to be a dry year. Might not be enough water for both of us. I'm taking no chances."

"But this is public land, free to all."

"My barbed wire and my gun-hands say different."

"But my cows—without water they'll die."

"That's your affair," Len Spivin told him.

It did, indeed, appear to be old man Mallock's affair. On their weary way back with their doomed and thirsty cattle, his son asked him angrily, "You still claim a man doesn't need a six-gun to run a ranch, Dad?"

"What you suggesting, Son?"

"Only one thing we can do—hire more gun-hands than Spivin's got and—"

"And start a range war? No, I'm a peaceful man. I'll think of something."

His troubled glance fell down slope to where his ranch house stood under the cottonwood shade. There was that rocky depression near the house that wouldn't even grow weeds, and then beyond it the hills of curly buffalo grass. The best little spread anywhere around—if they could get water. Mallock brooded all day—and that night he let himself out of the house with a pack on his back and disappeared into the black shadows. He did not carry a gun. He did carry a rock drill and some dynamite!

It was around daybreak when the dynamite roar shattered the calm. Frank and Mrs. Mallock were roused from sleep to see a wall of water hurtling down the arroyo threatening to engulf their house.

The water didn't reach the house. That rocky basin that never would even grow weeds caught it all and contained it.

Old man Mallock came in soon afterwards, and hard after him came Len Spivin and his gun-hands. "You dynamited the pool!" Spivin raged. "You let all the water flow down onto your land!"

"That's right," Mallock agreed. "It isn't a public pool any more. It's my water on my land. Now we'll share it—like before."

Len Spivin left, shaking his head in wonder.

Mallock turned grinning to his son. "Like I always told you—a man doesn't need a gun to run a ranch."

DODGE CITY DAYS

A LOSING HAND

HERE SHE COMES, REMEMBER, WHEN THE TRAIN STOPS HERE FOR WATER. JUMP THE BAGGAGE CAR! THE SAFE IN IT HAS OVER FIFTY THOUSAND!

SOMETIMES, CAREFUL PLANNING PAYS OFF IN A STRANGE WAY IN JANUARY OF 1878, SIX MEN WITH BLACKENED FACES H'D BY A WATER TANK NEAR DODGE CITY, WAITING FOR A PROFITABLE EVENING'S WORK ..

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WH-WHAT IN BLAZES! THE TRAIN'S GOING ON!

SHE MUST'VE TAKEN ON WATER IN DODGE!

OF ALL THE BLASTED LUCK!

ALL R GHT, SO WE MISSED THAT JOB! BUT WE'LL MAKE UP FOR IT BY HITTING THE STATION AT KINGSLEY! THERE'S A SAFE THERE!

SOON ..

REACH! AND THEN OPEN THE SAFE!

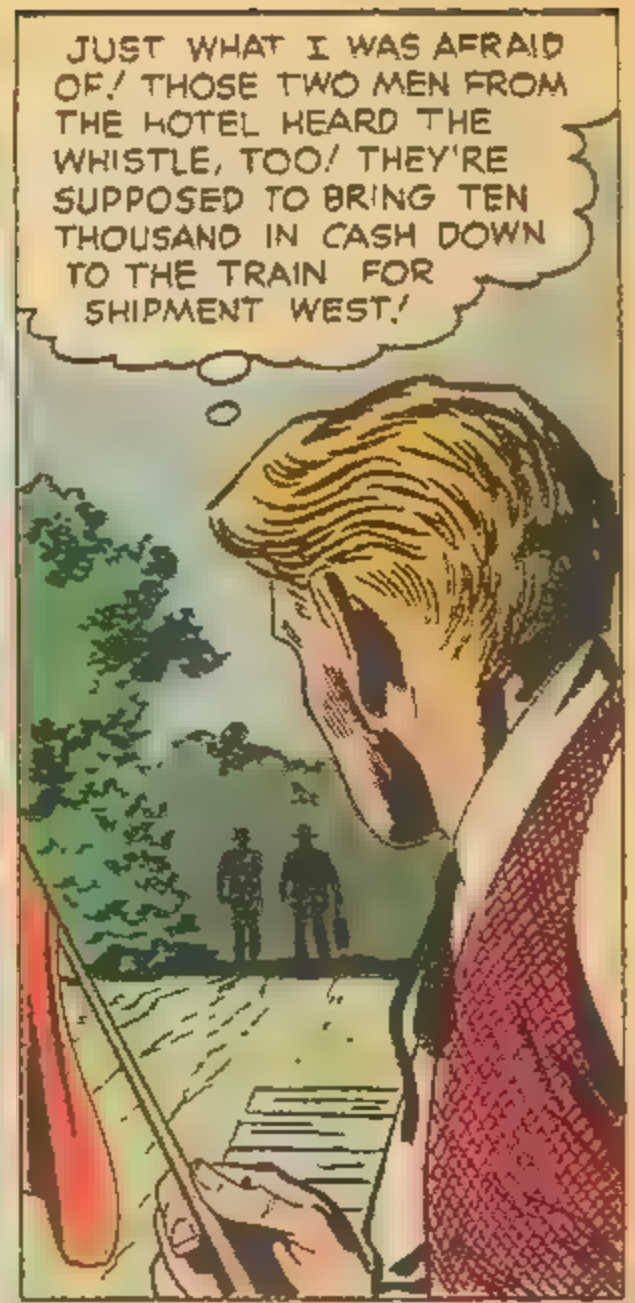
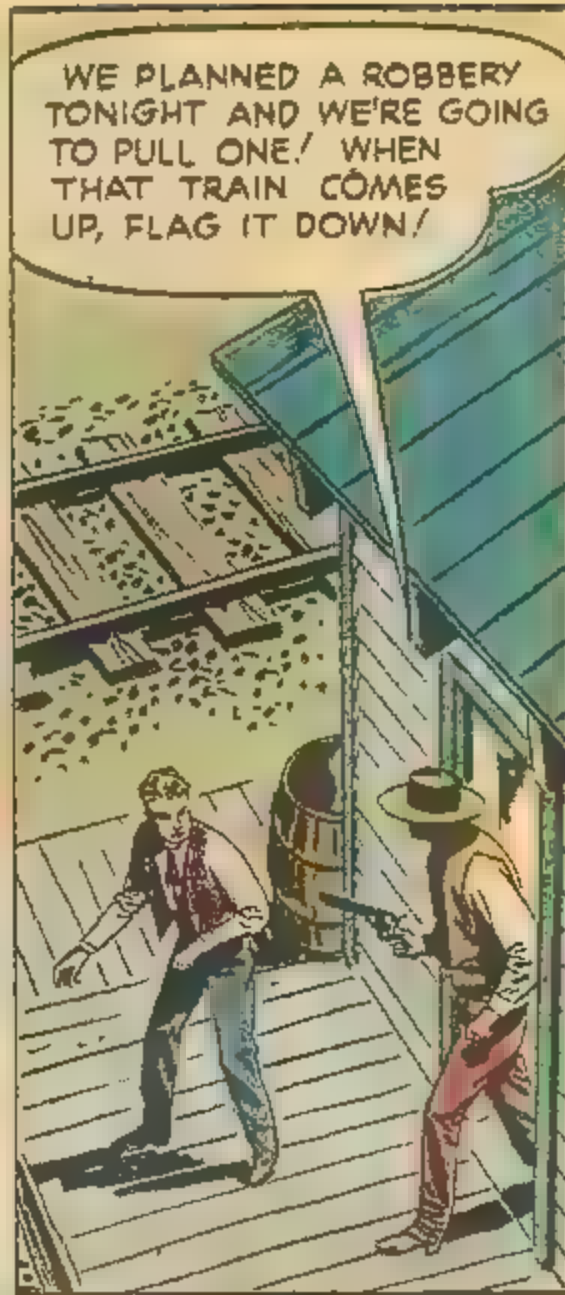
I-I HAVE NO MONEY HERE! IT ALL WENT OFF ON THE TRAIN THAT JUST STOPPED AT THIS STATION!

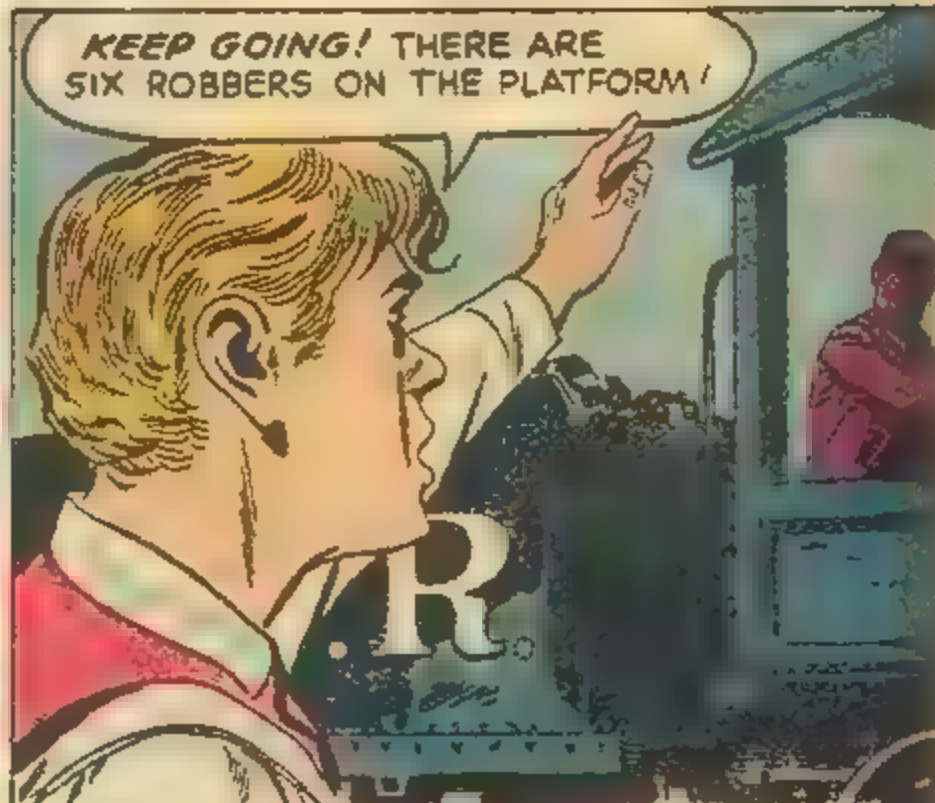
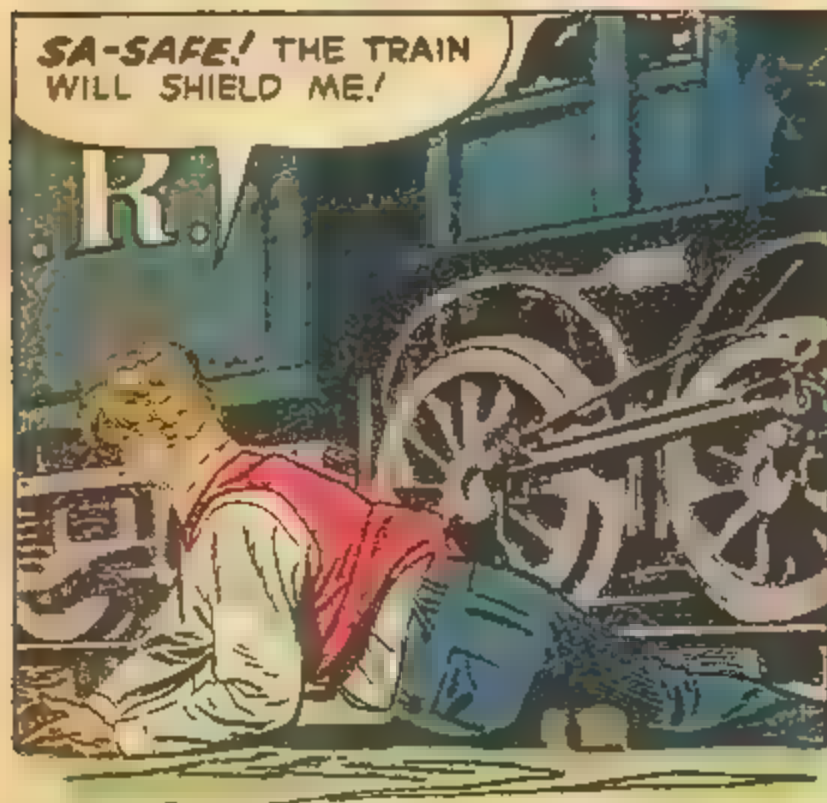
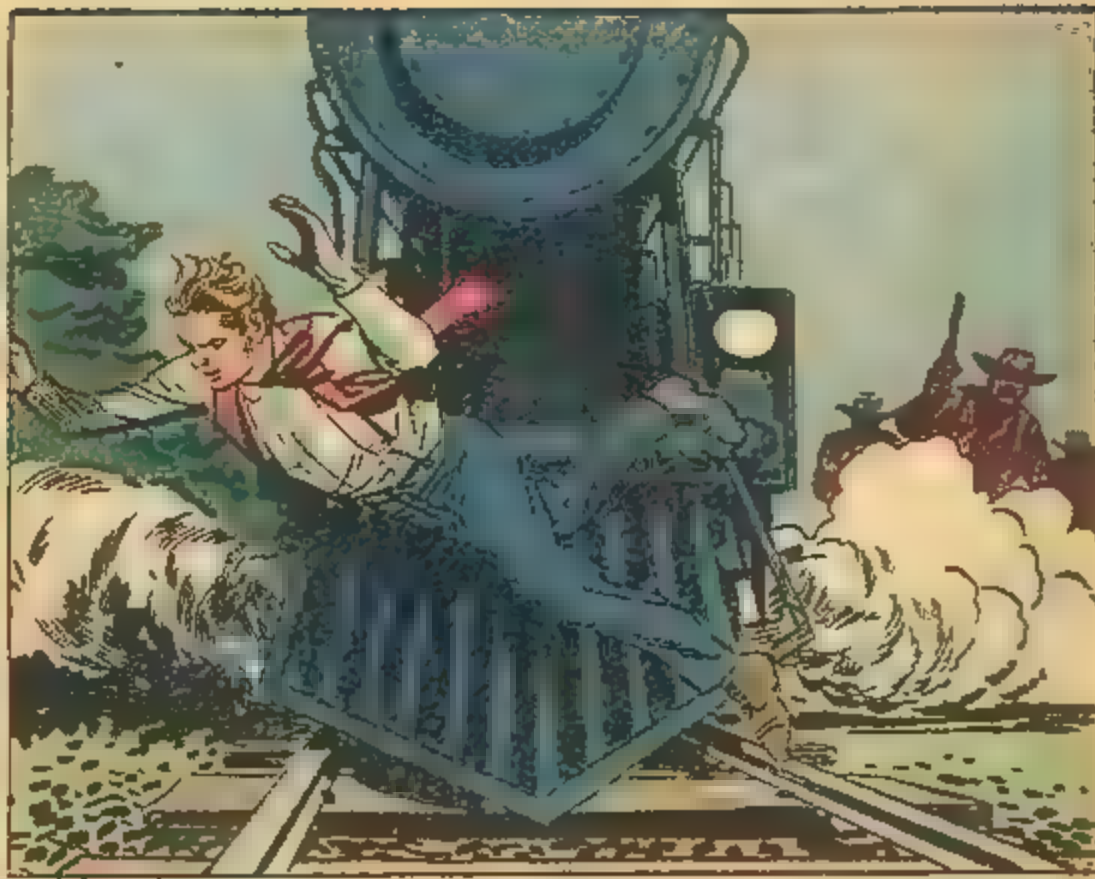
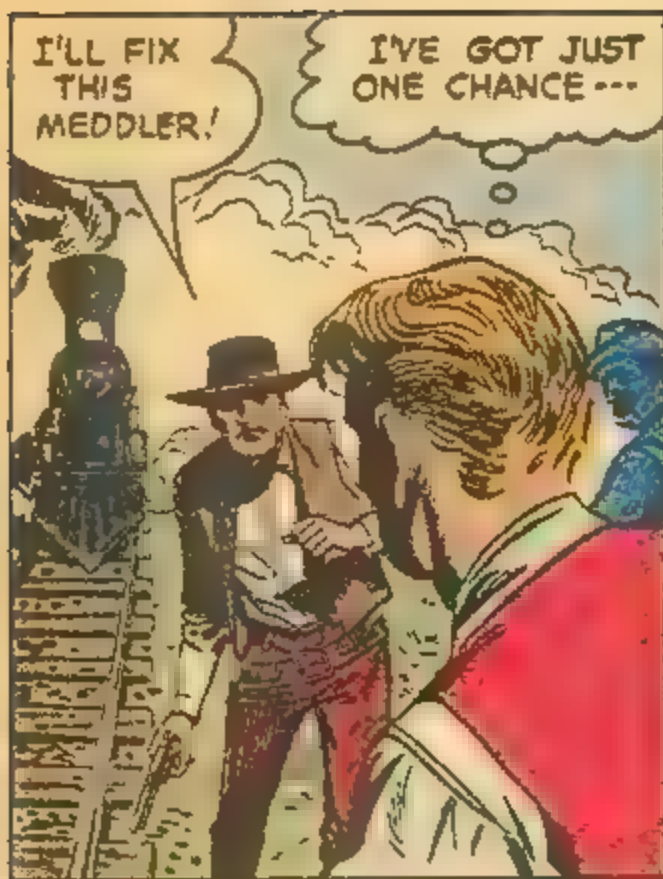
I SAID OPEN THAT SAFE!

I CAN'T OPEN IT FOR THEM! THERE'S TWO THOUSAND IN IT!

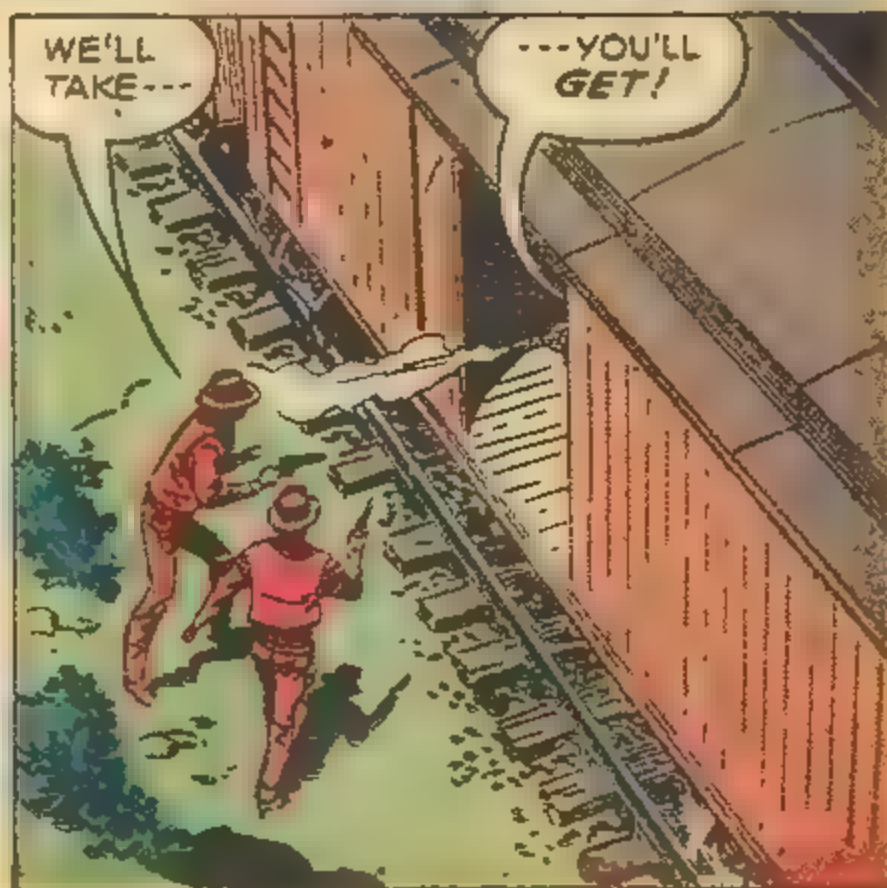
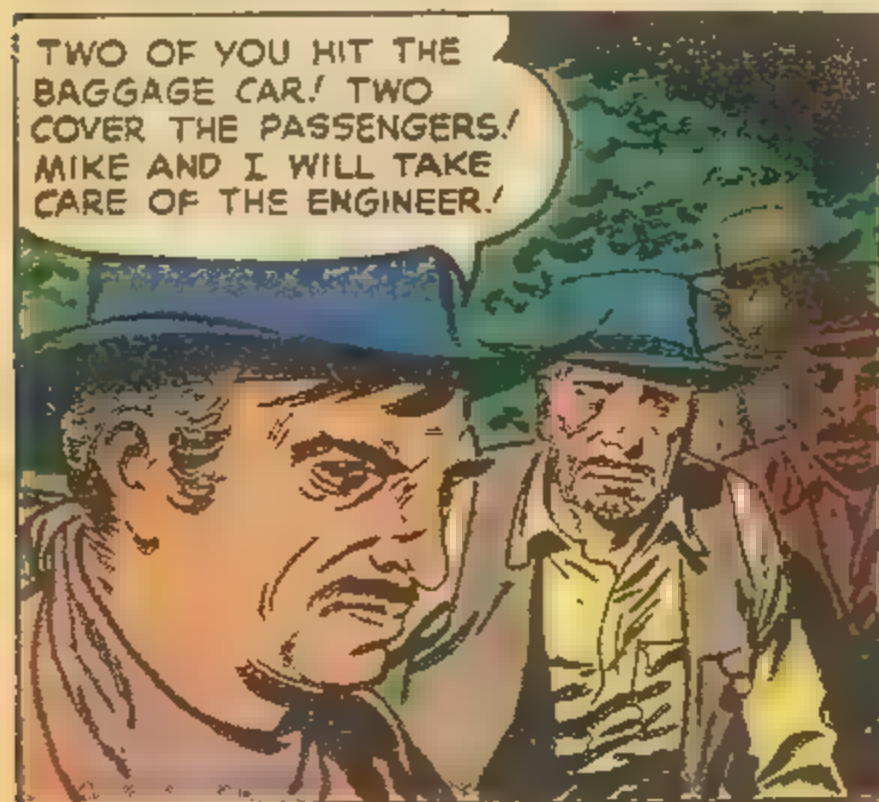
I'D BE GLAD TO OBLIGE, BUT THE EXPRESS AGENT HAS THE KEY AND HE'S AT THE HOTEL!

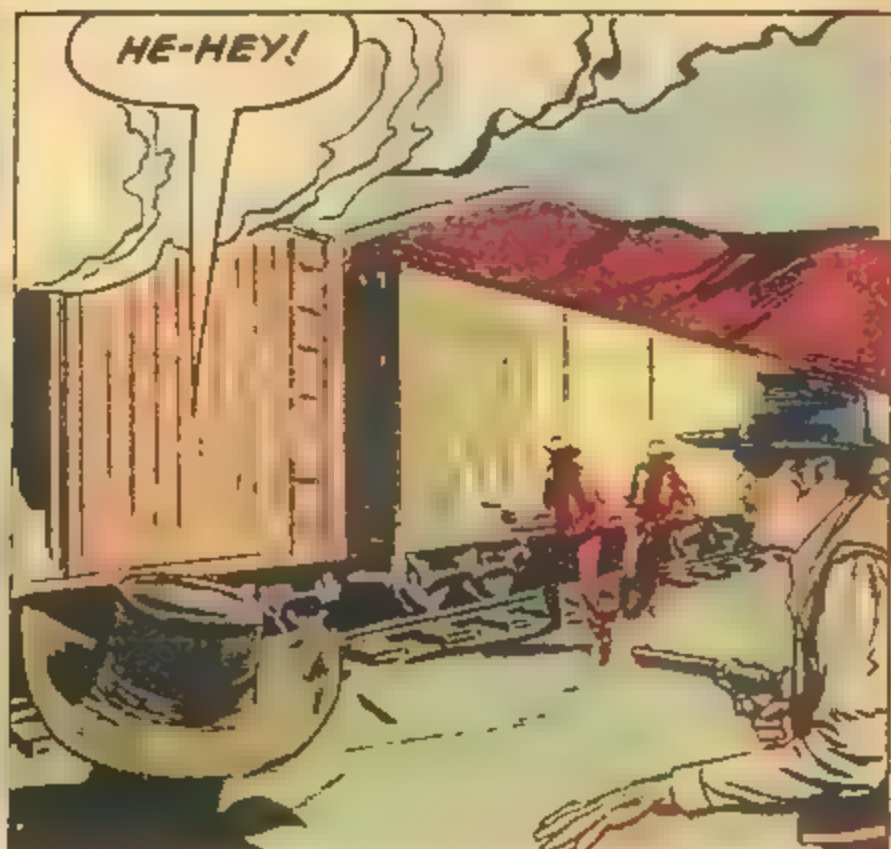
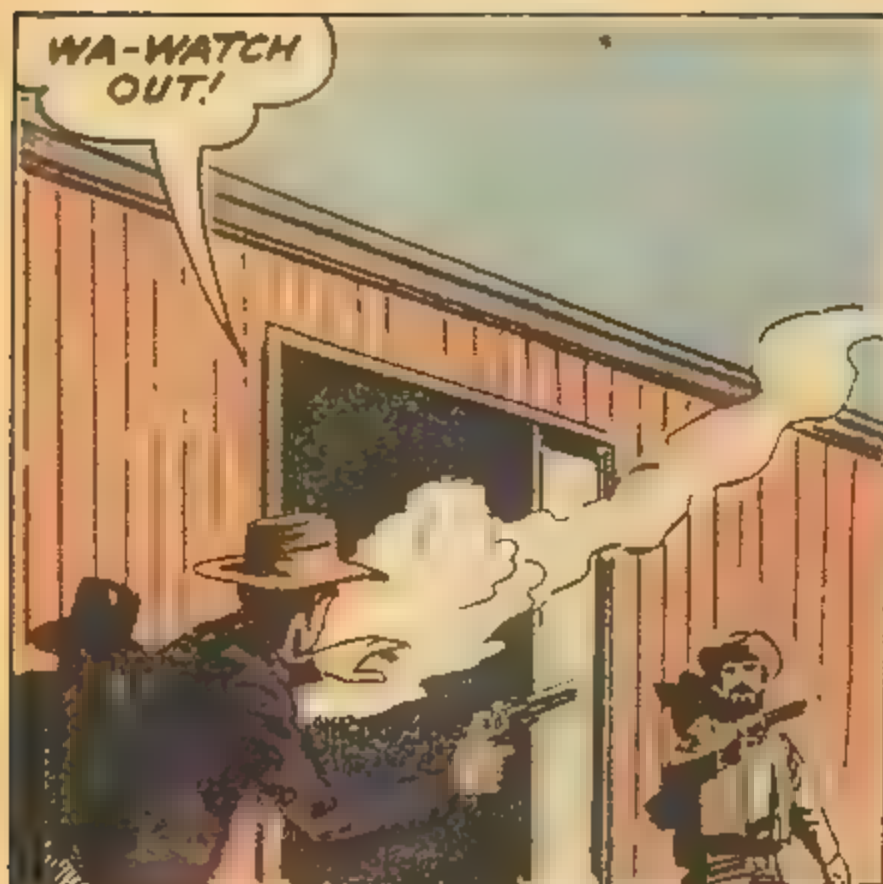
WE HAD ONE BAD BREAK TONIGHT, WE'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER! OPEN IT!





BUT THE ENGINEER FAILS TO HEAR THE WARNING AND STOPS THE TRAIN...





AND THE CAREFULLY PLANNED TRAIN JOB, WHICH WENT WRONG RIGHT FROM THE START, ENDED THAT WAY, TOO FOR LATER, SHERIFF BAT MASTERSON PUT THE WOULD-BE ROBBERS ON THE WRONG SIDE OF PRISON BARS

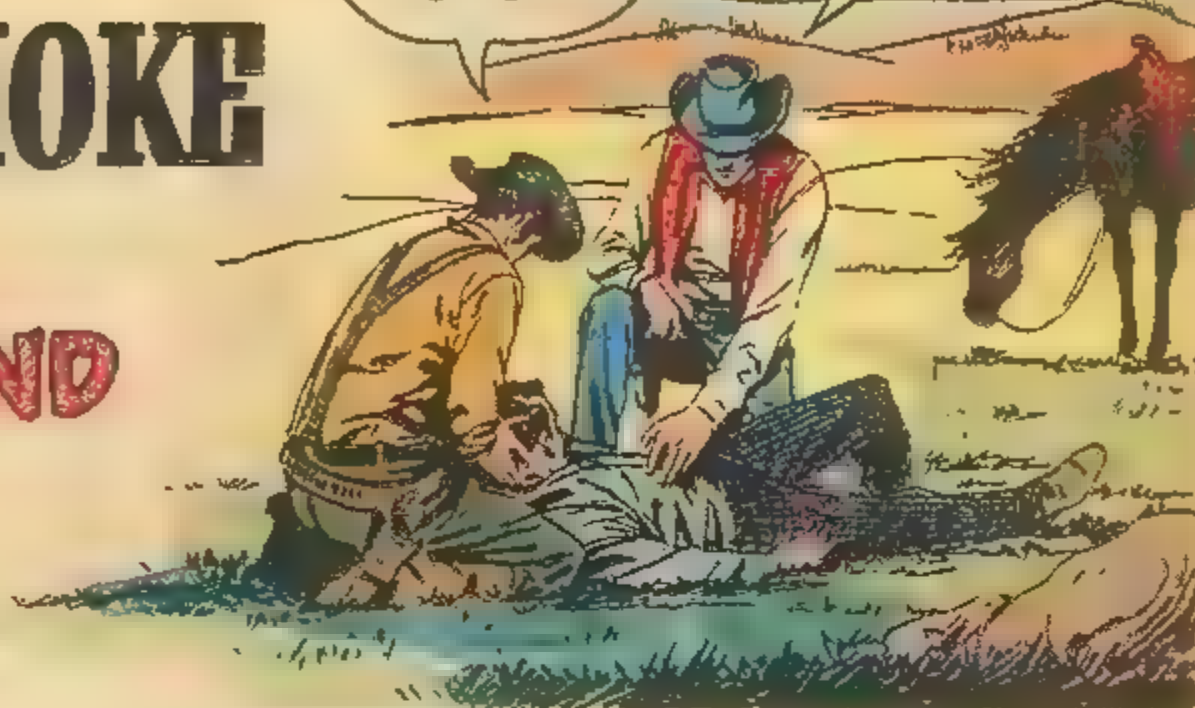


GUNSMOKE

LONE HAND

MR DILLON,
HE'S COMING
TO NOW!

HELP ME EASE HIM ON
TO A HORSE, CHESTER!



THIS POOR
CRITTER ISN'T
THE FIRST
PROSPECTOR
WE'VE FOUND
LIKE THIS---

---AND HE WON'T BE THE
LAST, CHESTER, T'LL WE GET
A LEAD ON THE GANG THAT'S
PREYING ON LONE
PROSPECTORS AROUND DODGE!



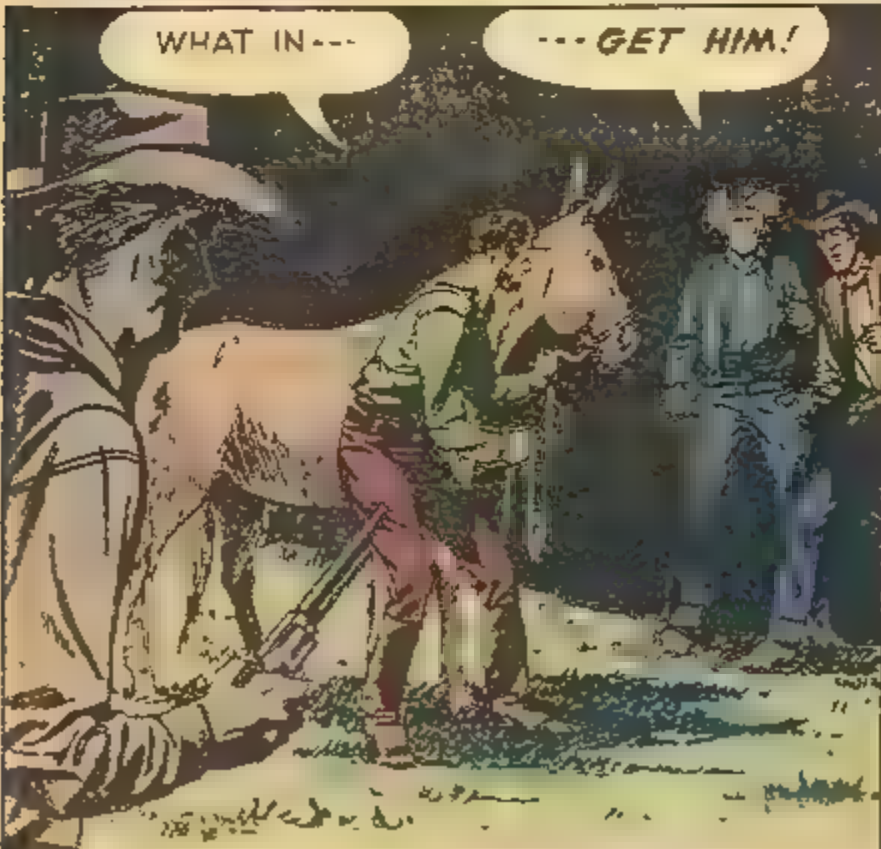
TWO NIGHTS LATER, ON THE PLAINS BEYOND
DODGE, A T.IRED PROSPECTOR'S ROUSED FROM
SLEEP BY HIS BRAYING MULE



WHAT'S ALL THE
RUCKUS ABOUT, LLY?

WHAT IN---

---GET HIM!

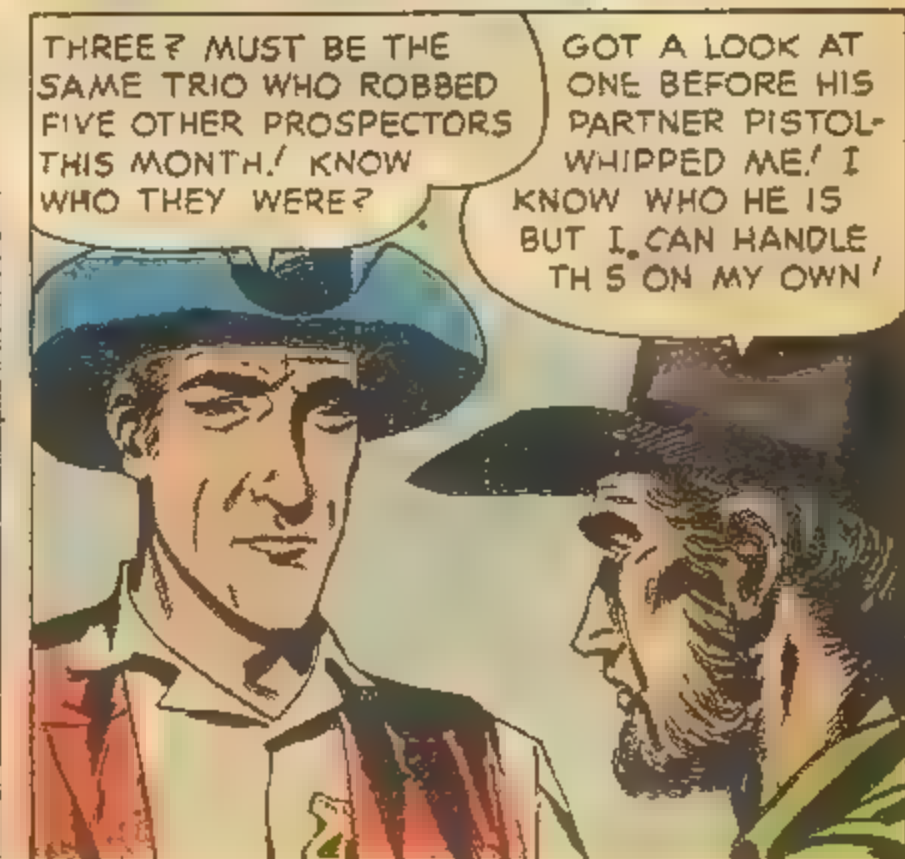
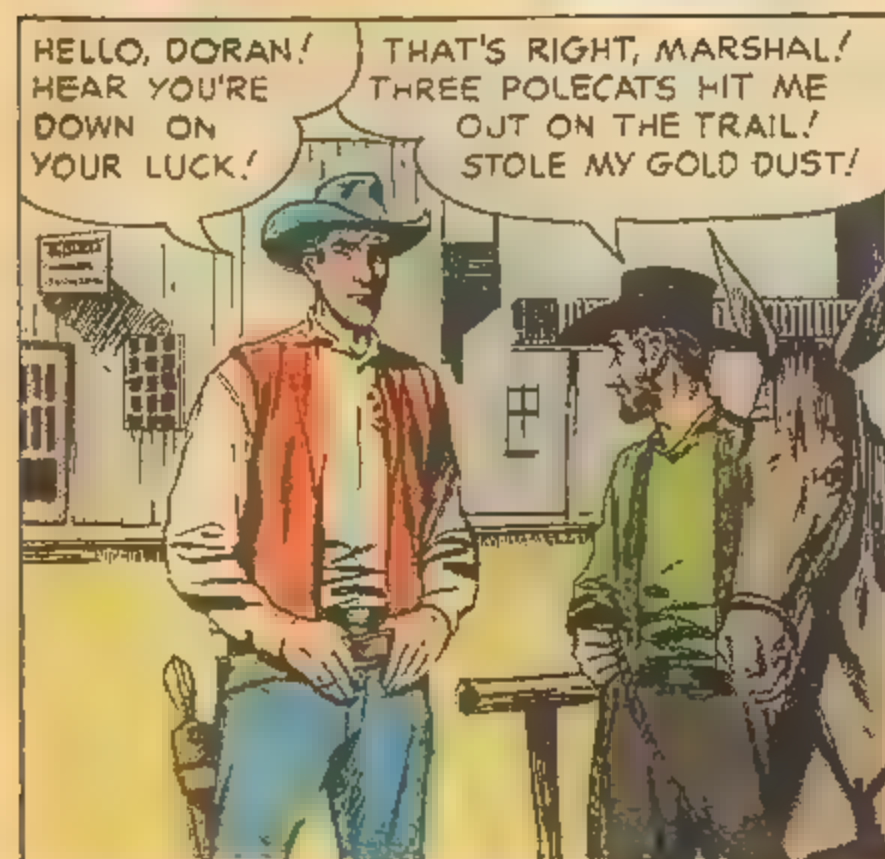
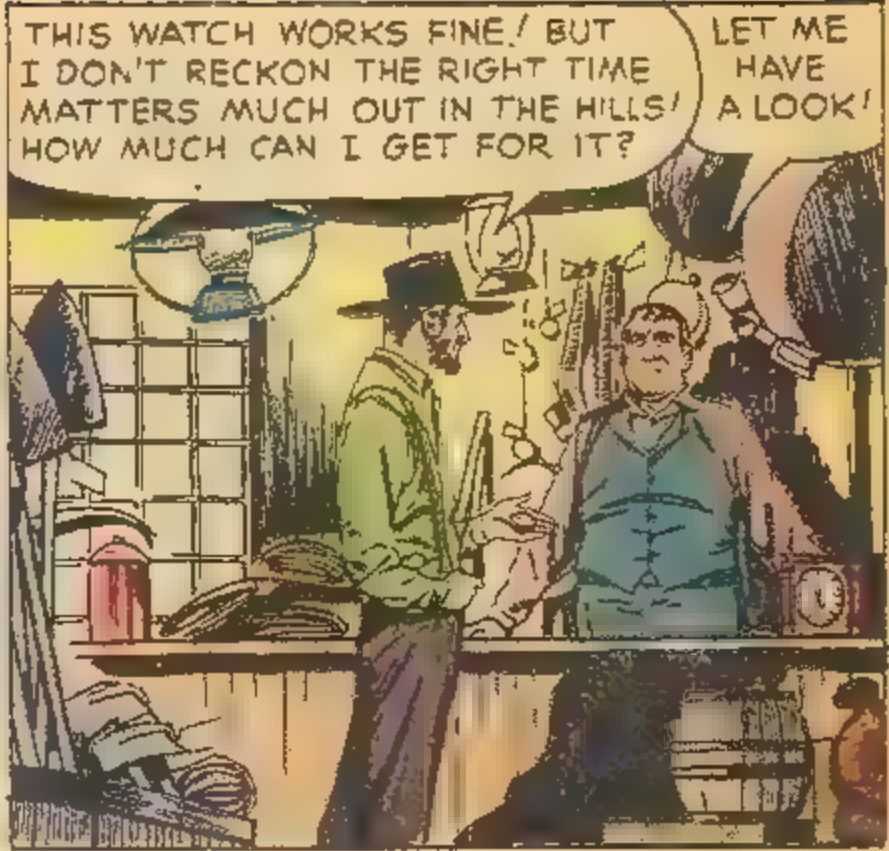
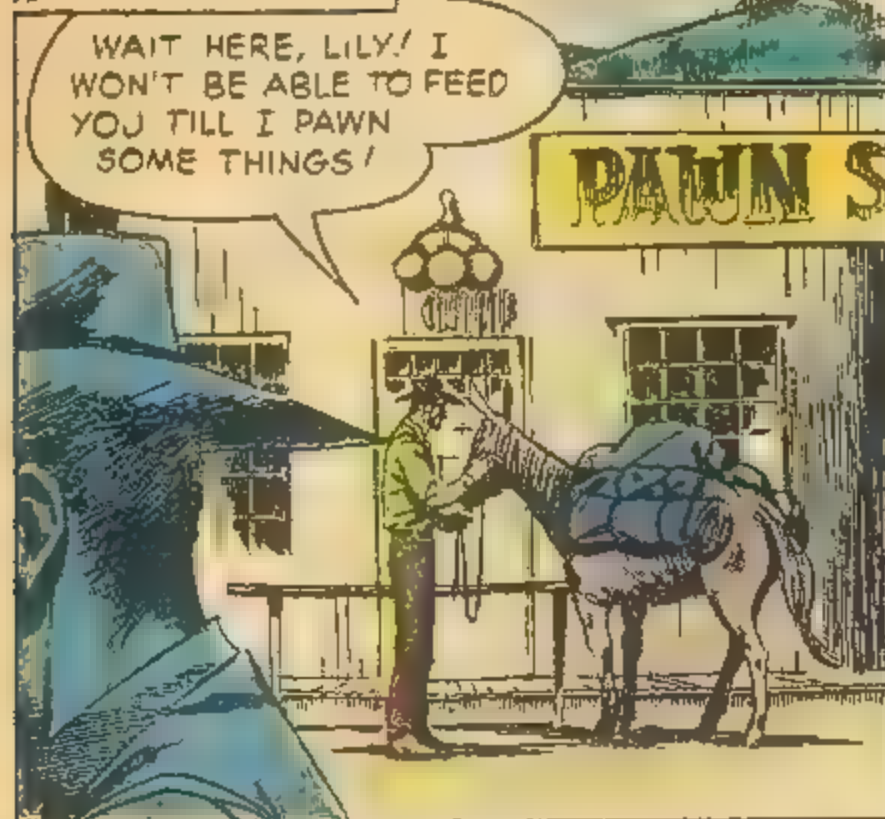


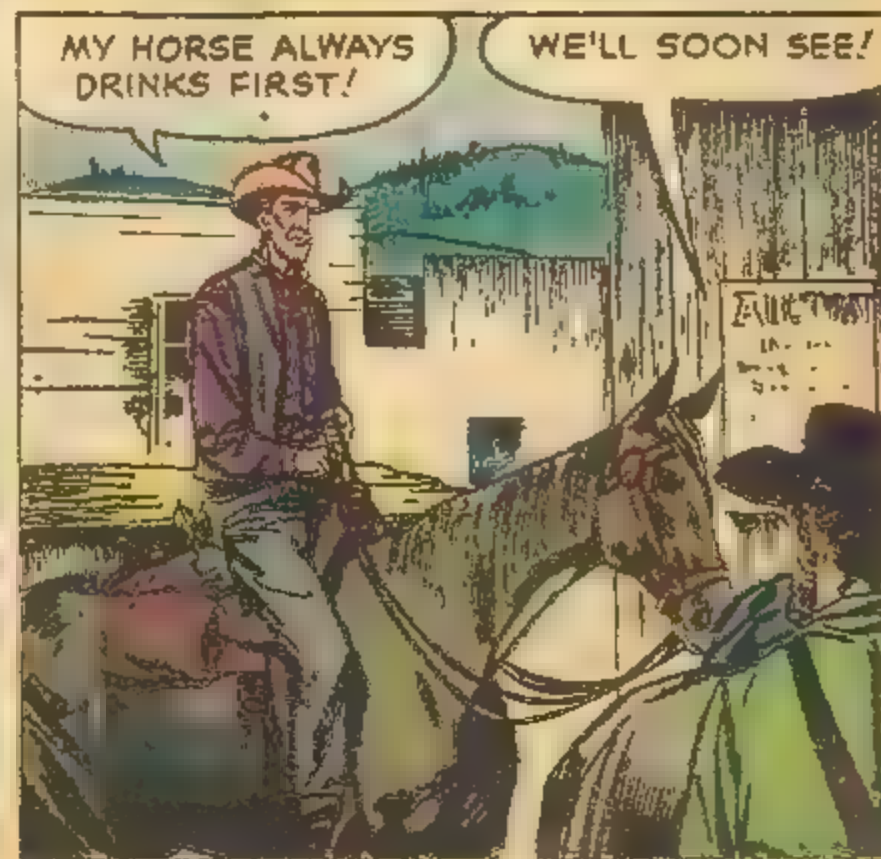
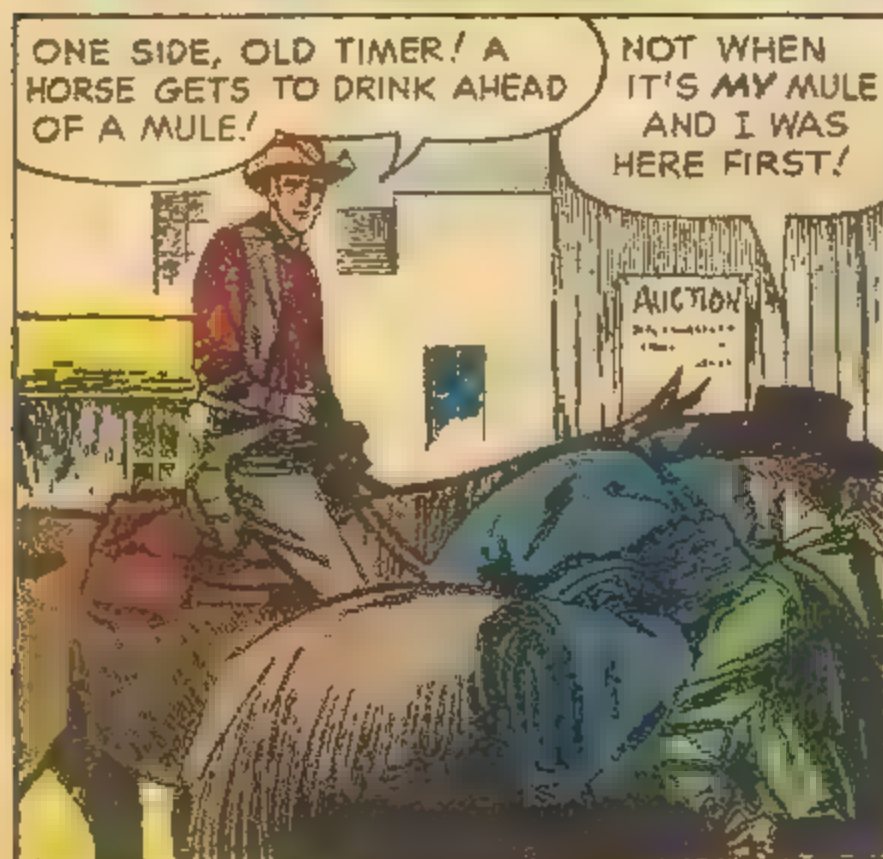
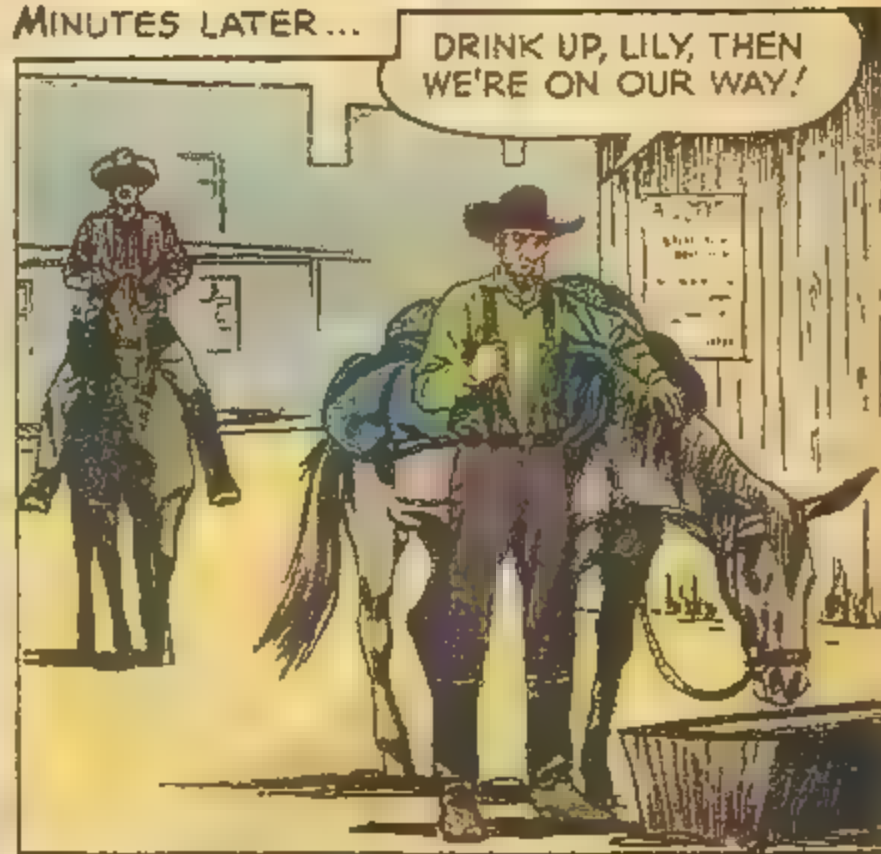
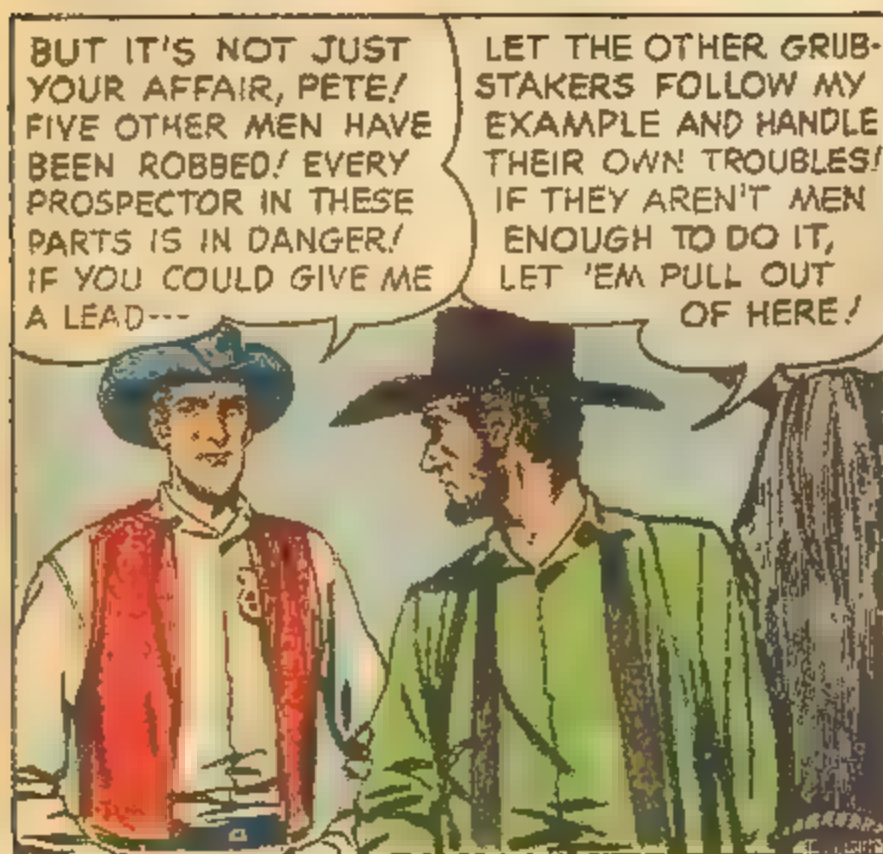
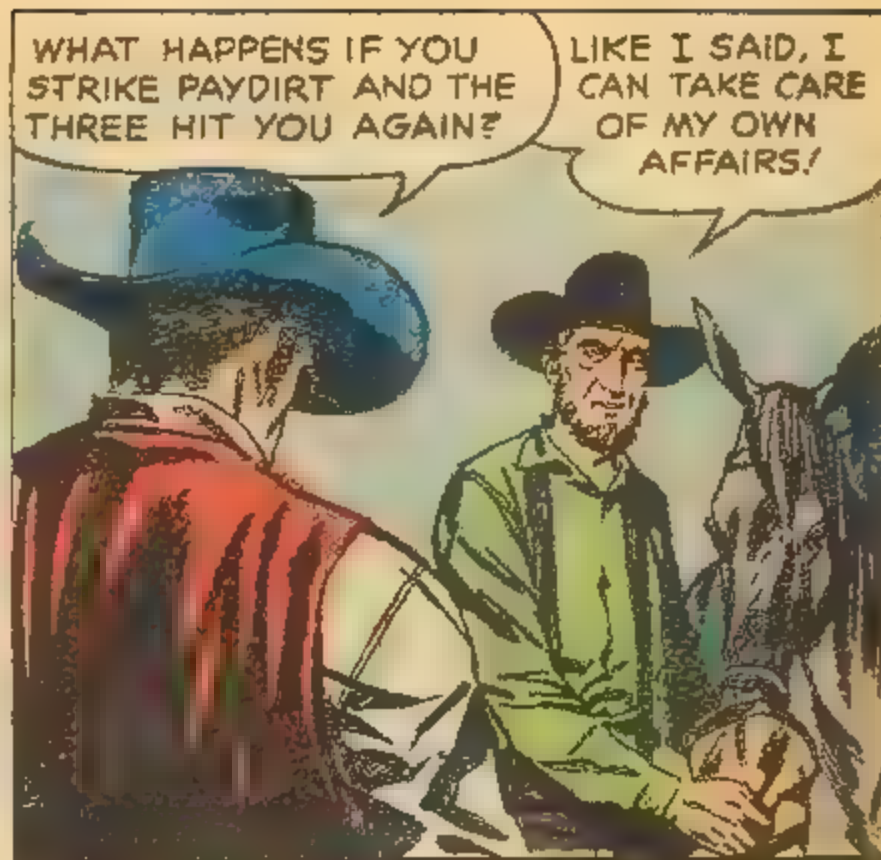
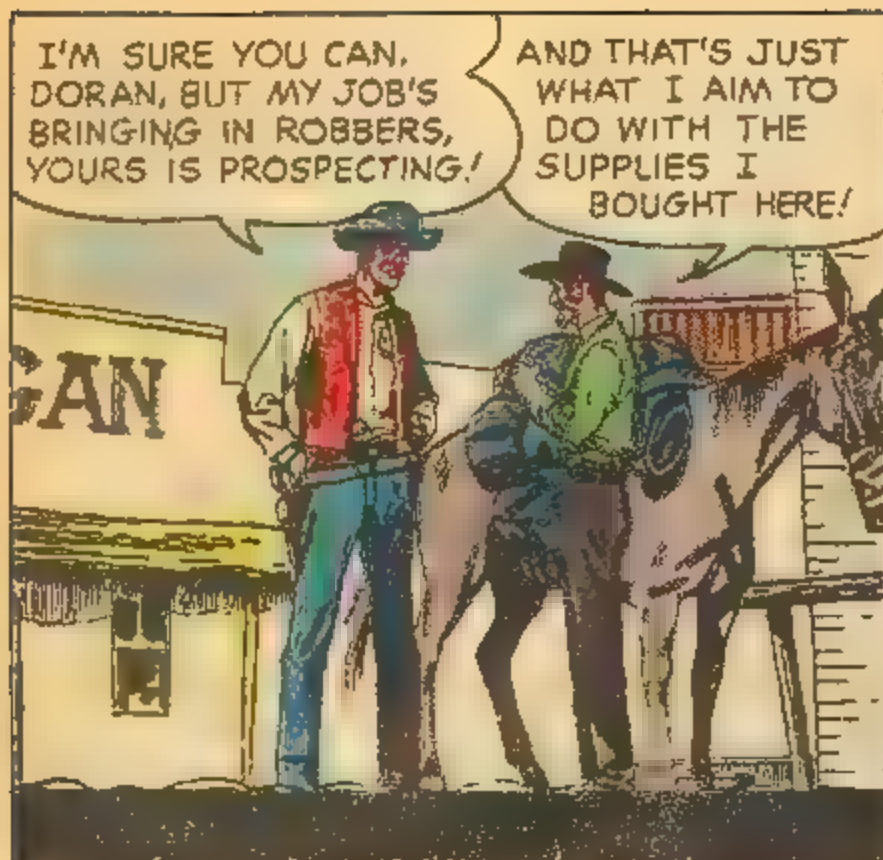
MINUTES LATER, HIS HEAD ACHING, PETE DORAN
COMES TO

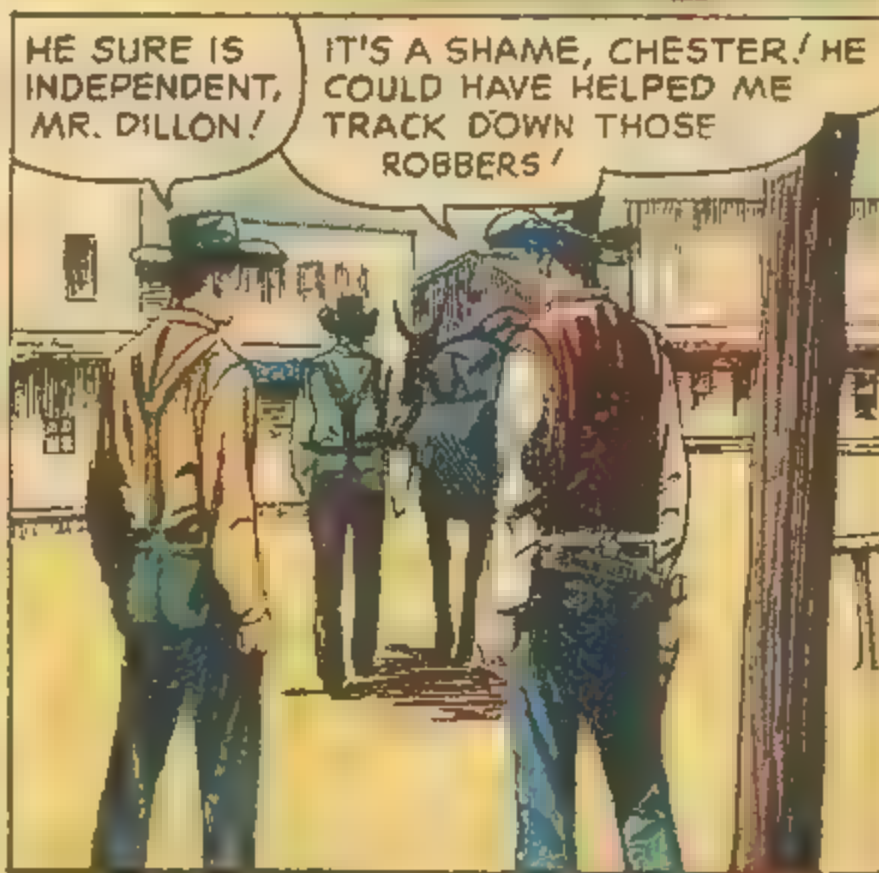
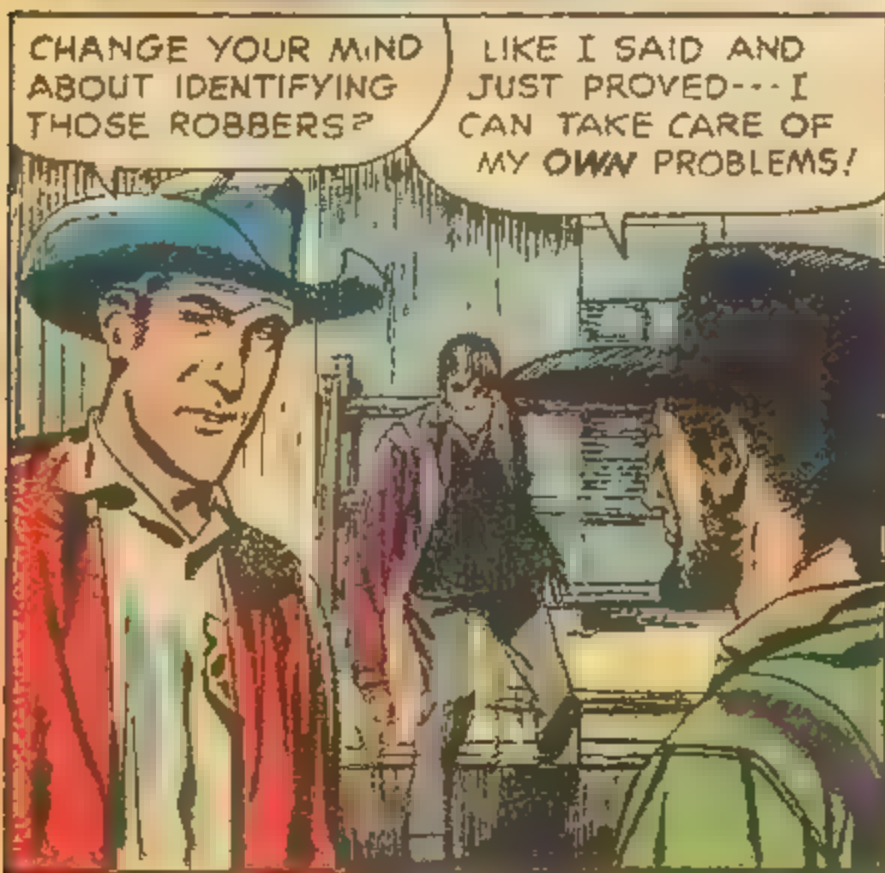
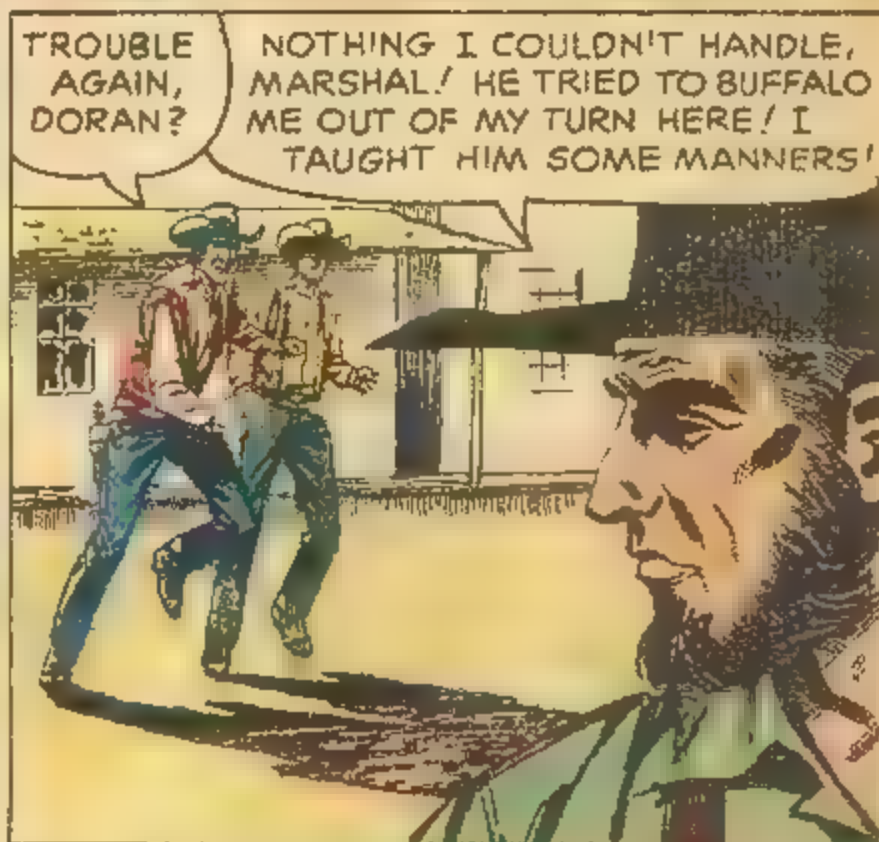
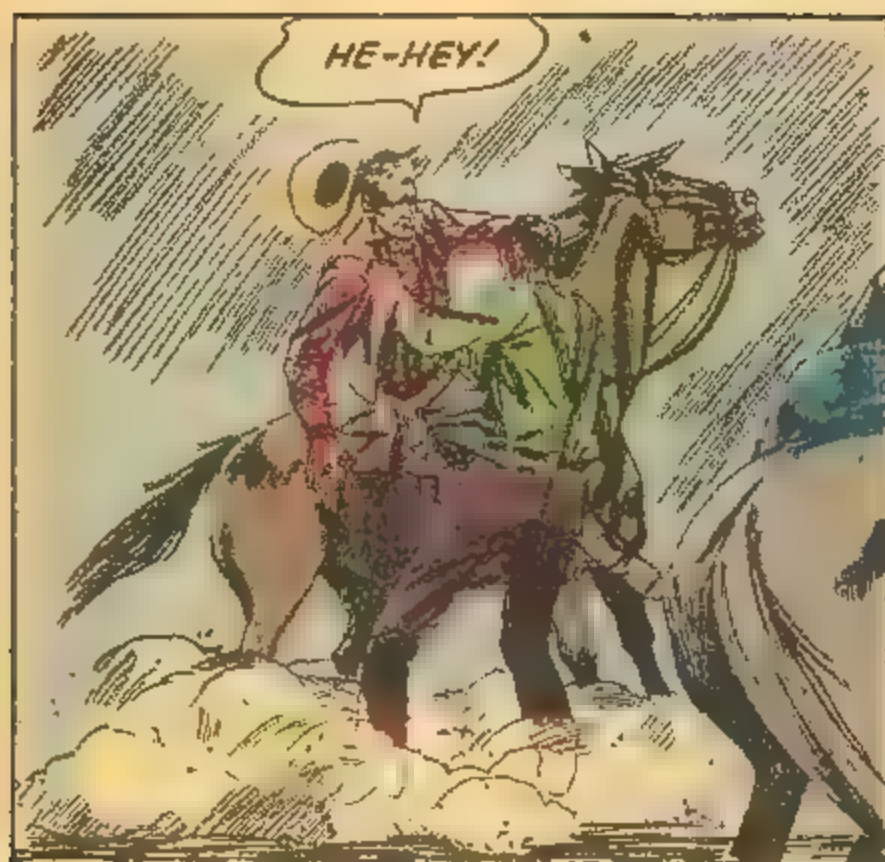
MY GOLD DUST---ALL MY
GOLD DUST IS GONE!

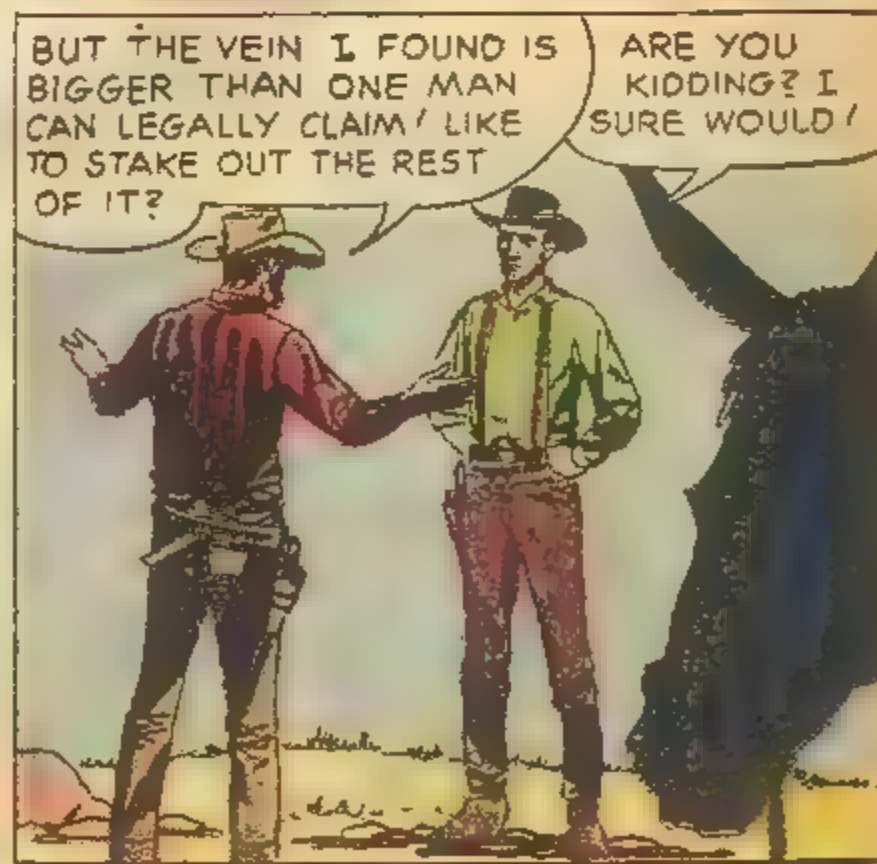
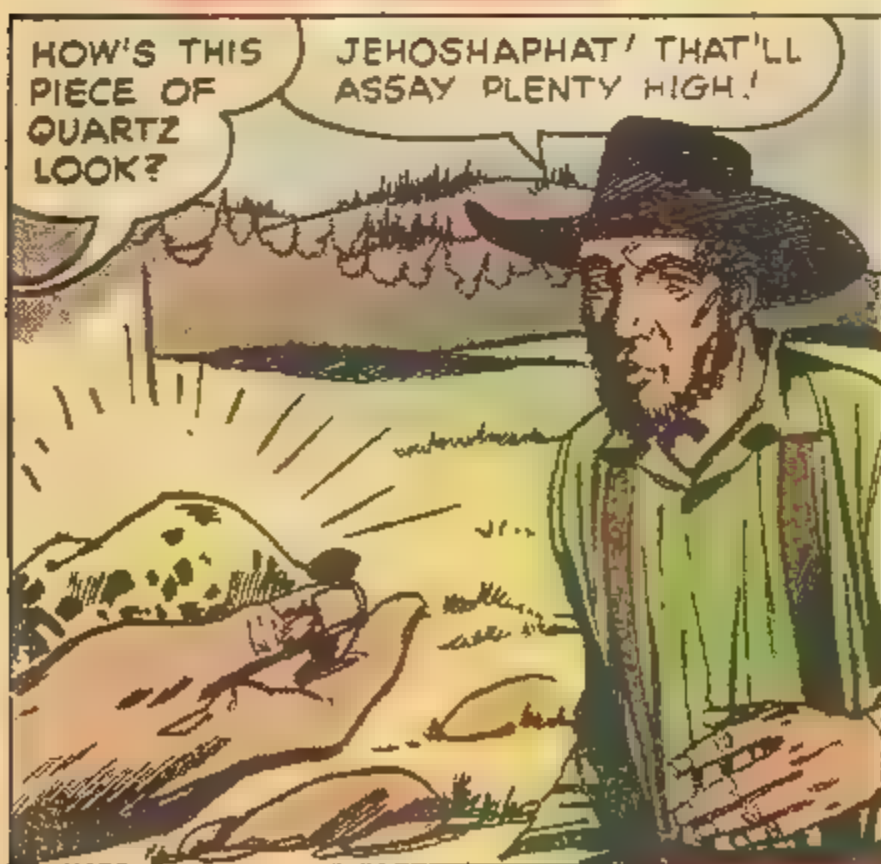
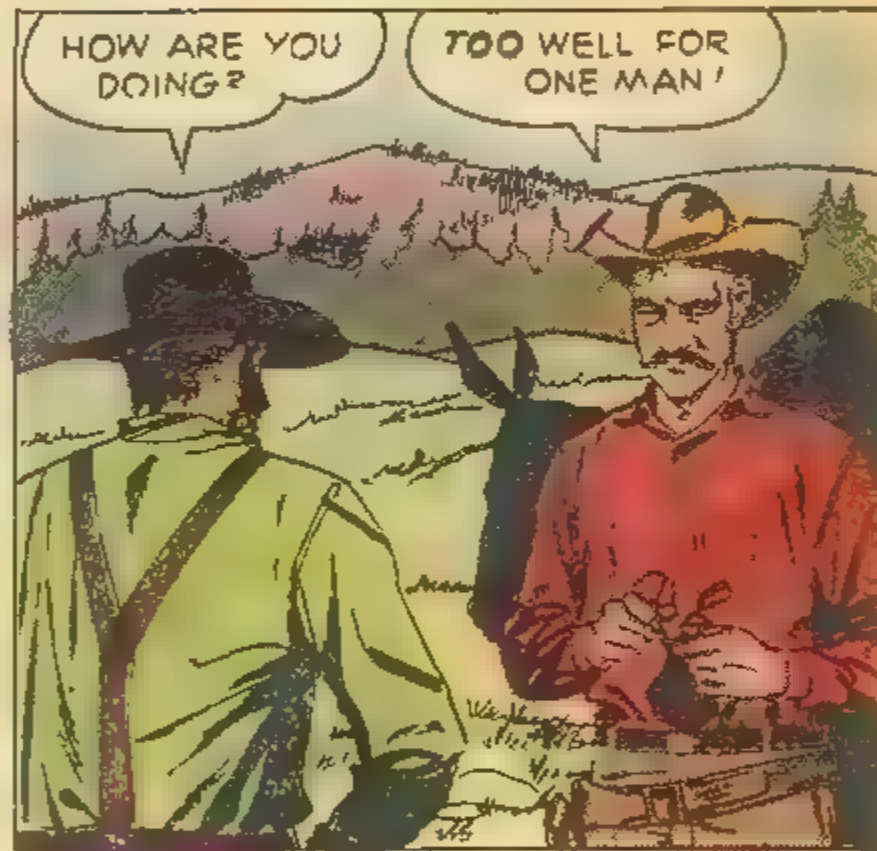
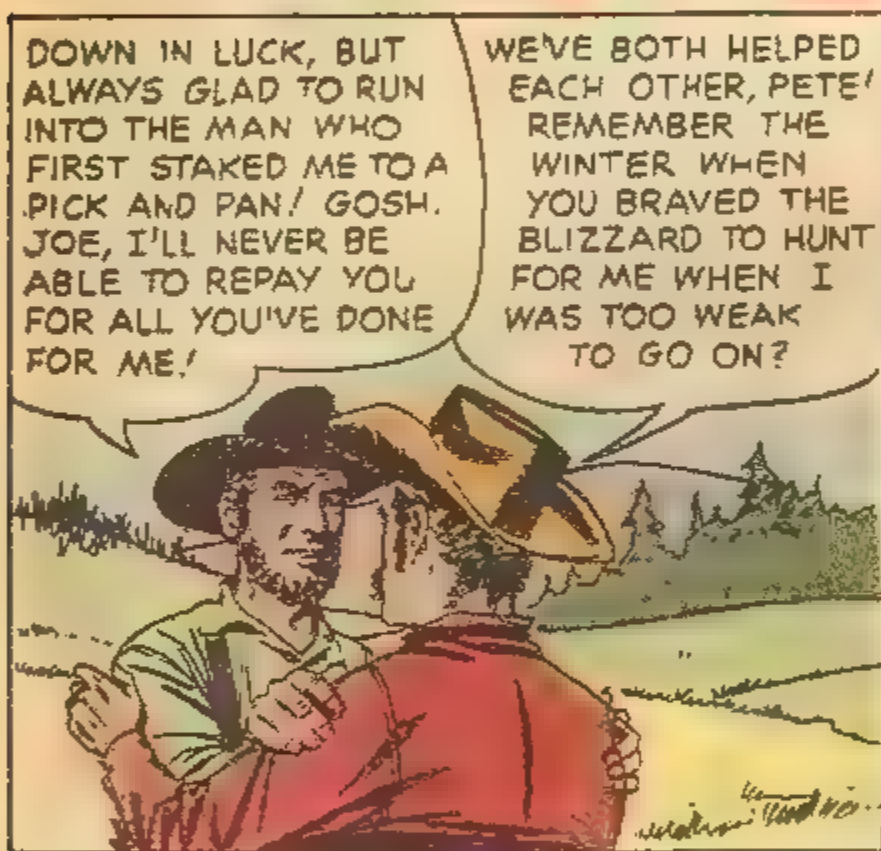
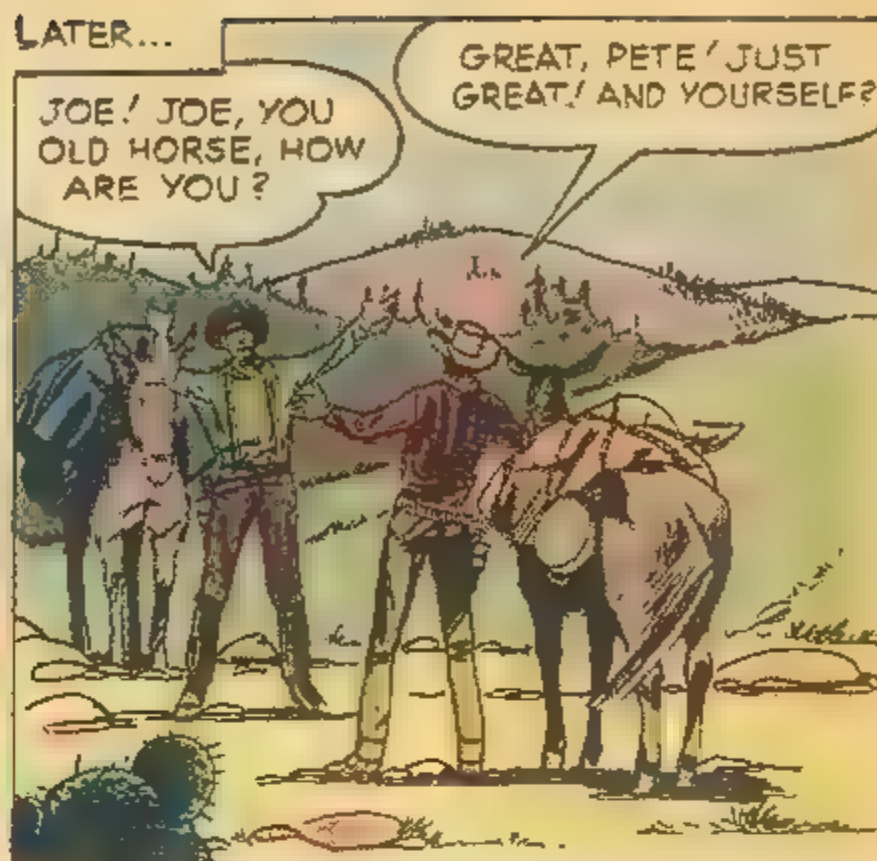


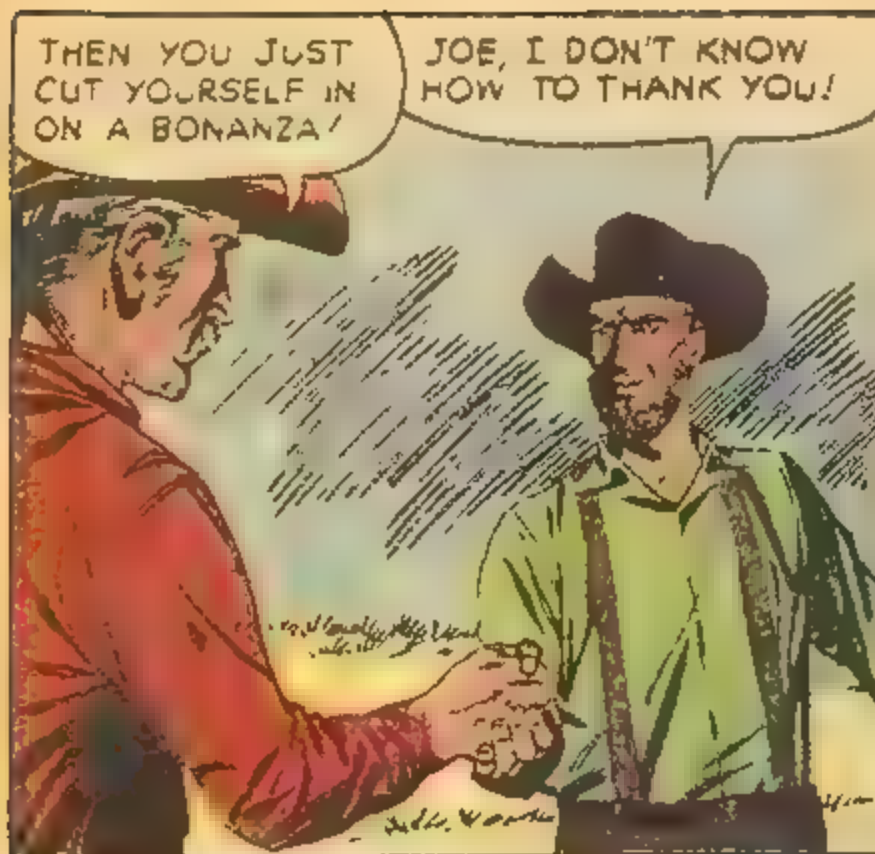
NEXT MORNING. .



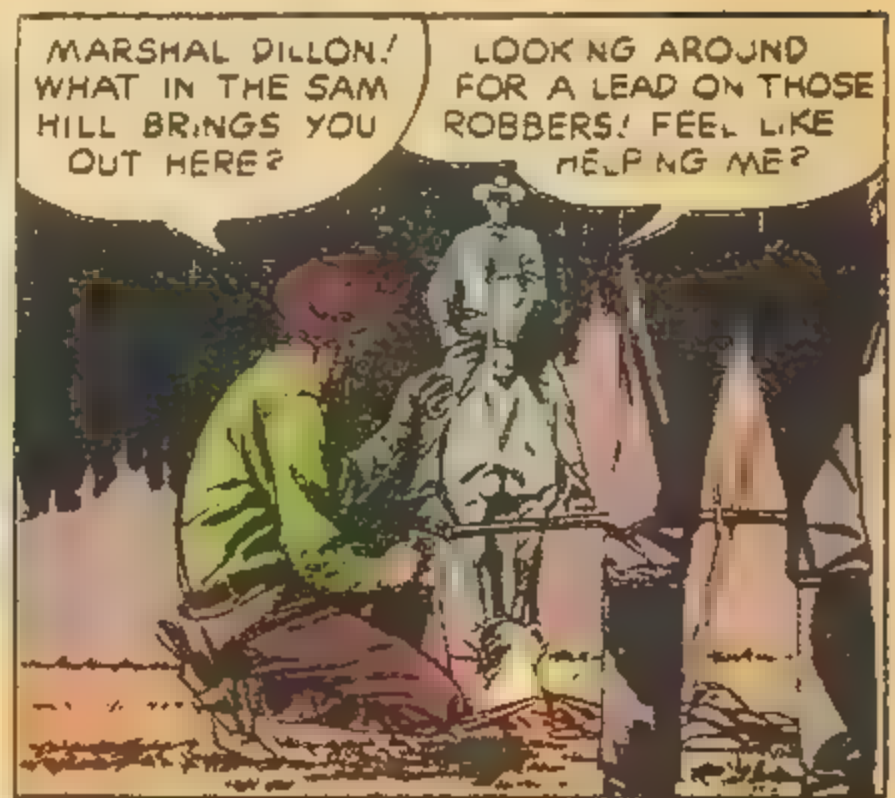




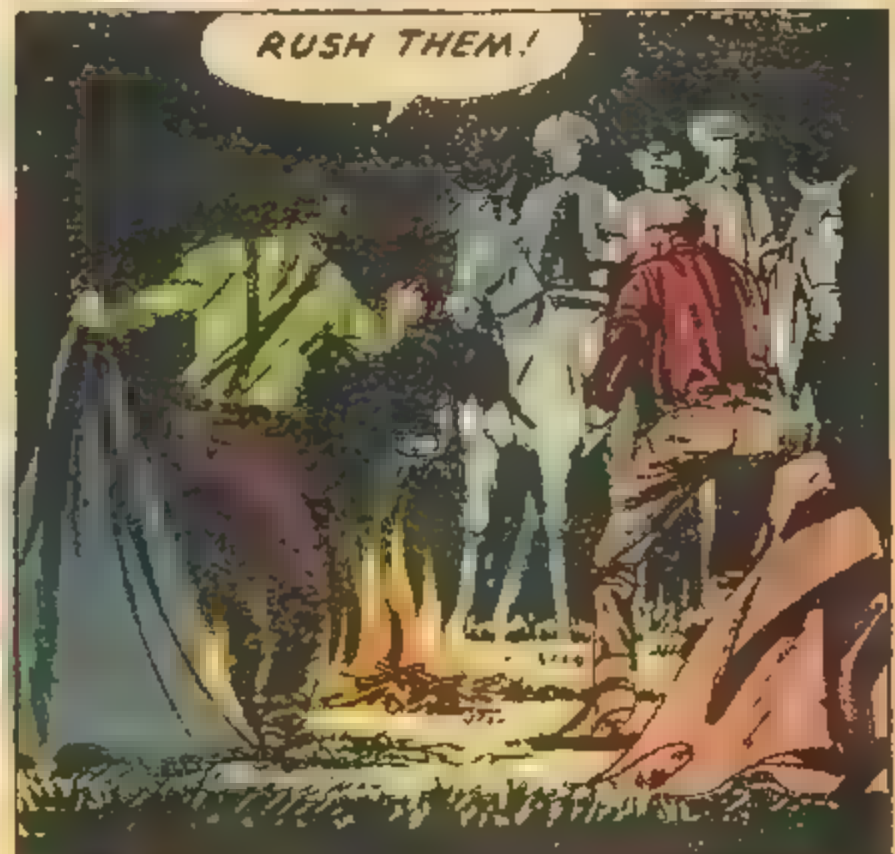




THAT EVENING, AS THEY CAMP .



LATER THAT NIGHT .



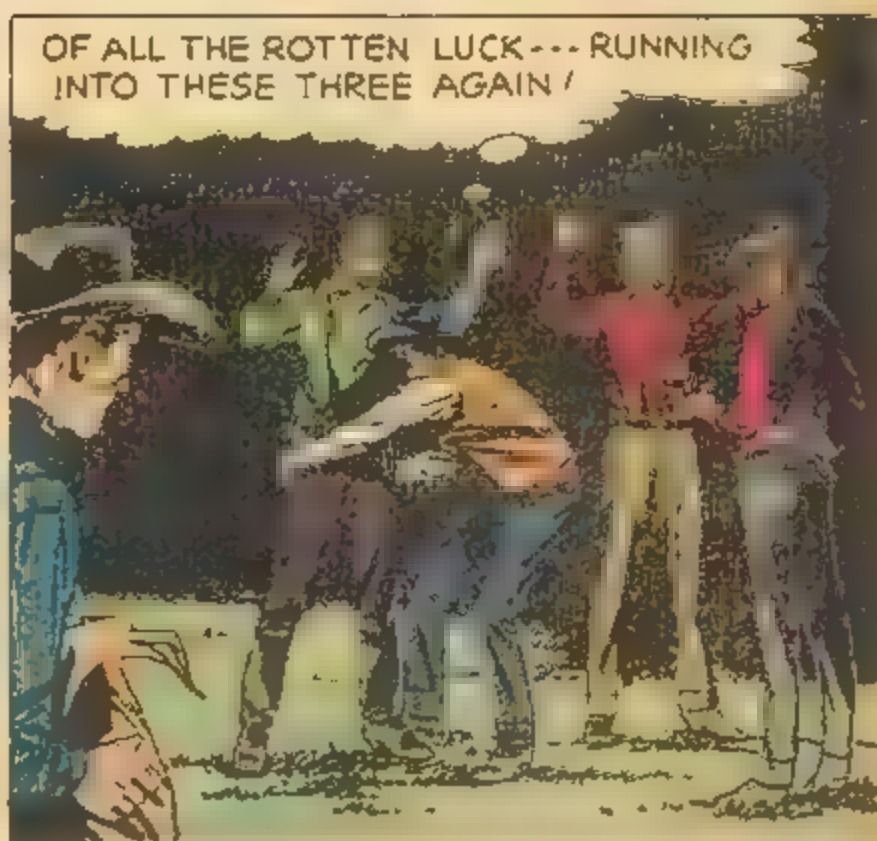


OWW!

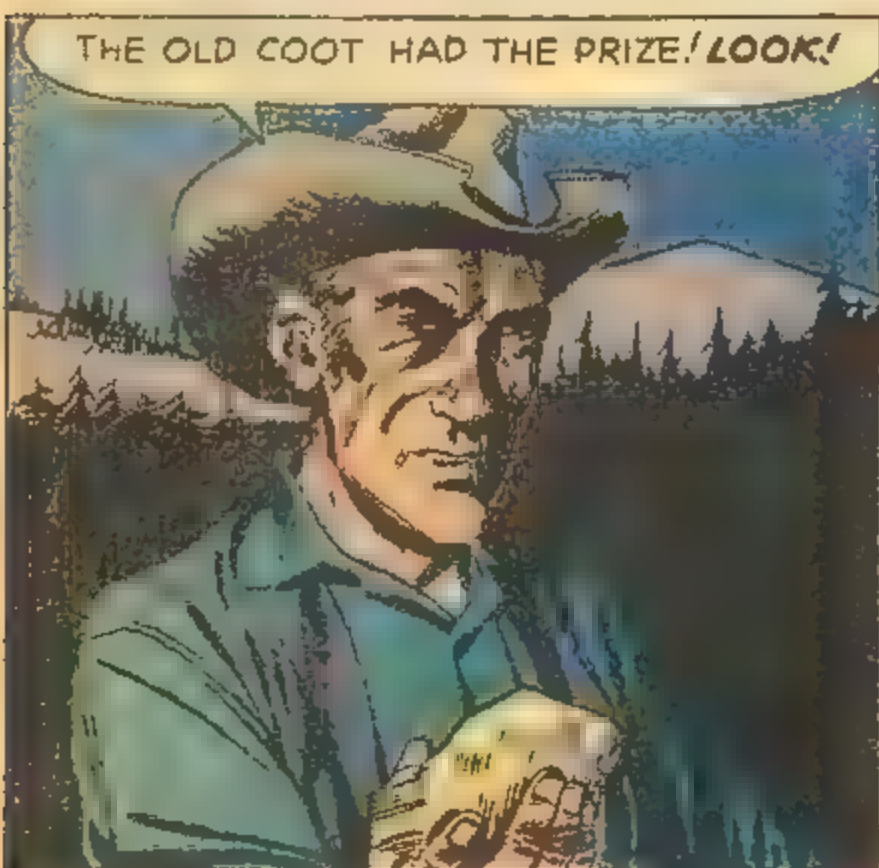
GET THIS ONE!



THEY MUST HAVE **SOMETHING** ON 'EM TO PUT UP A FIGHT LIKE THAT!



OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK--- RUNNING INTO THESE THREE AGAIN!



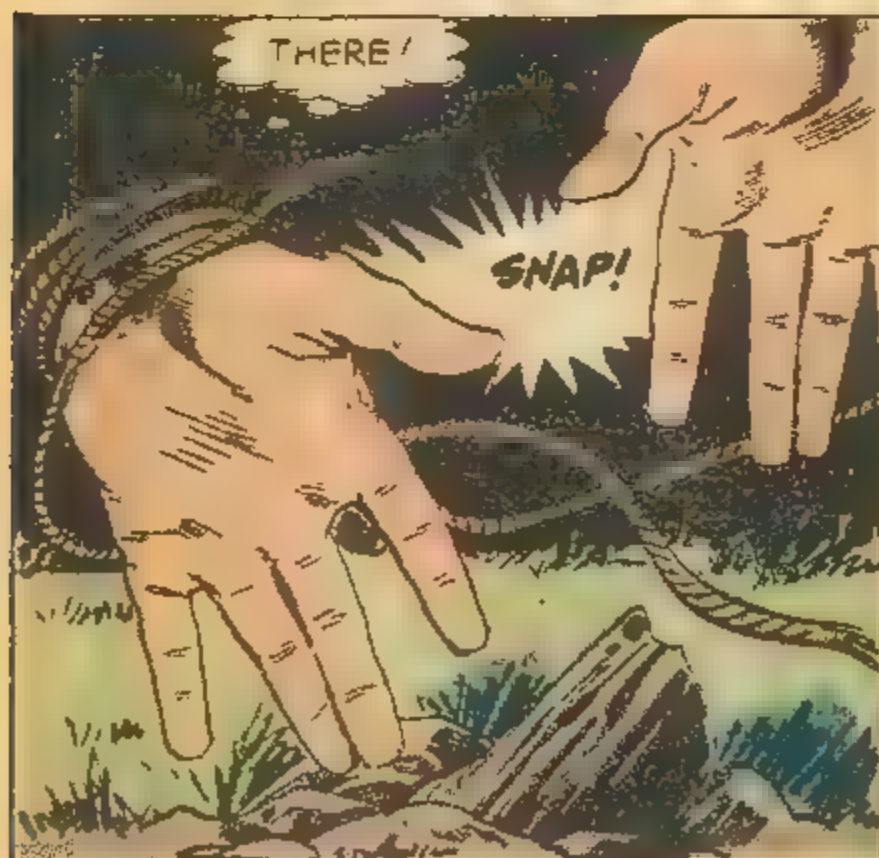
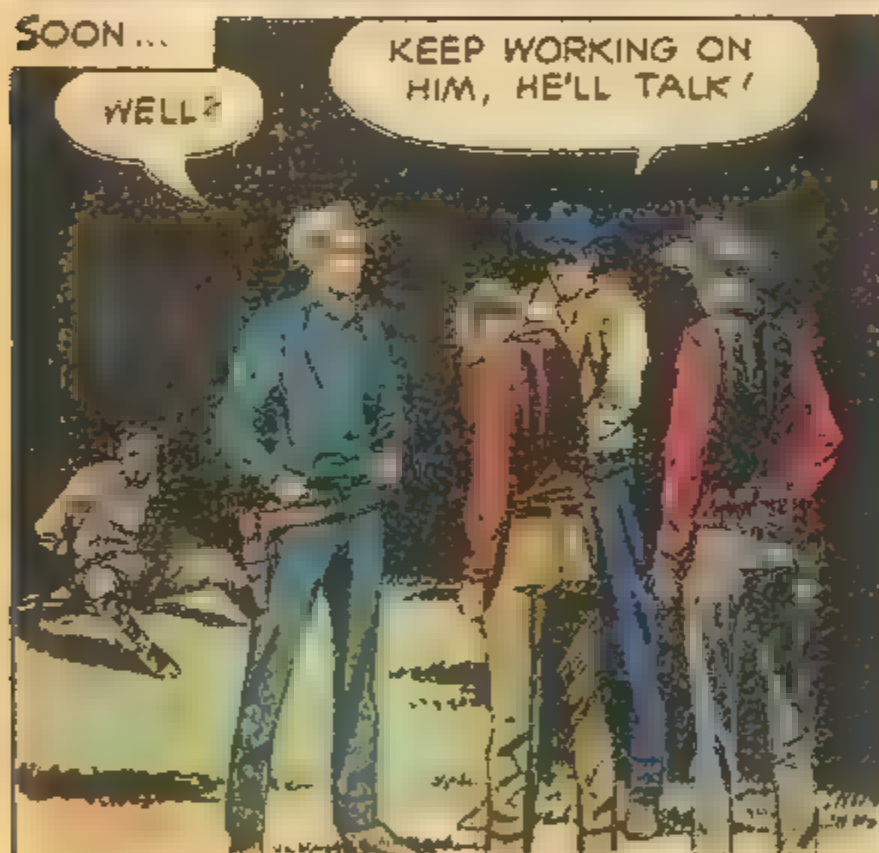
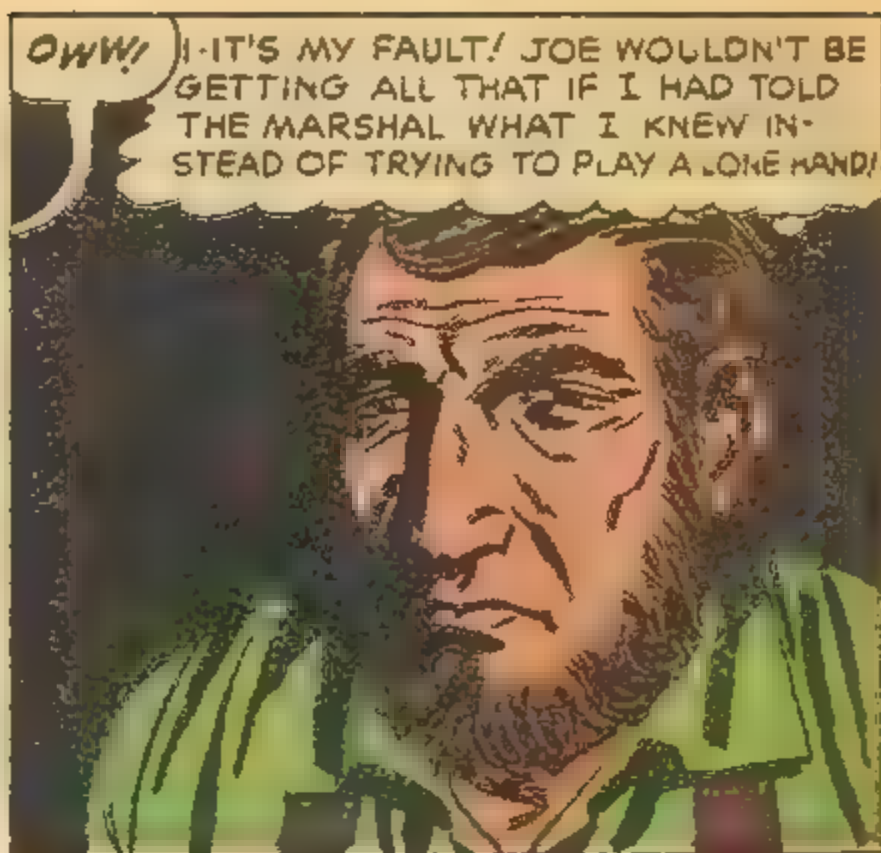
THE OLD COOT HAD THE PRIZE! **LOOK!**



WHERE'D IT COME FROM?

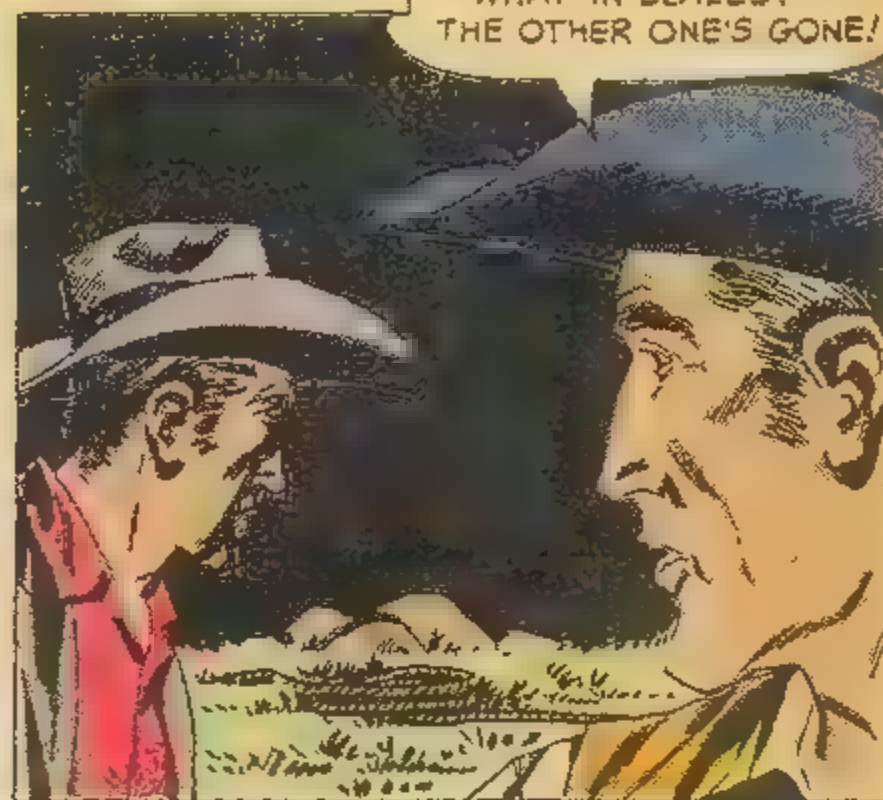
I-I WOULDN'T KNOW!

WE'LL **MAKE** YOU KNOW!





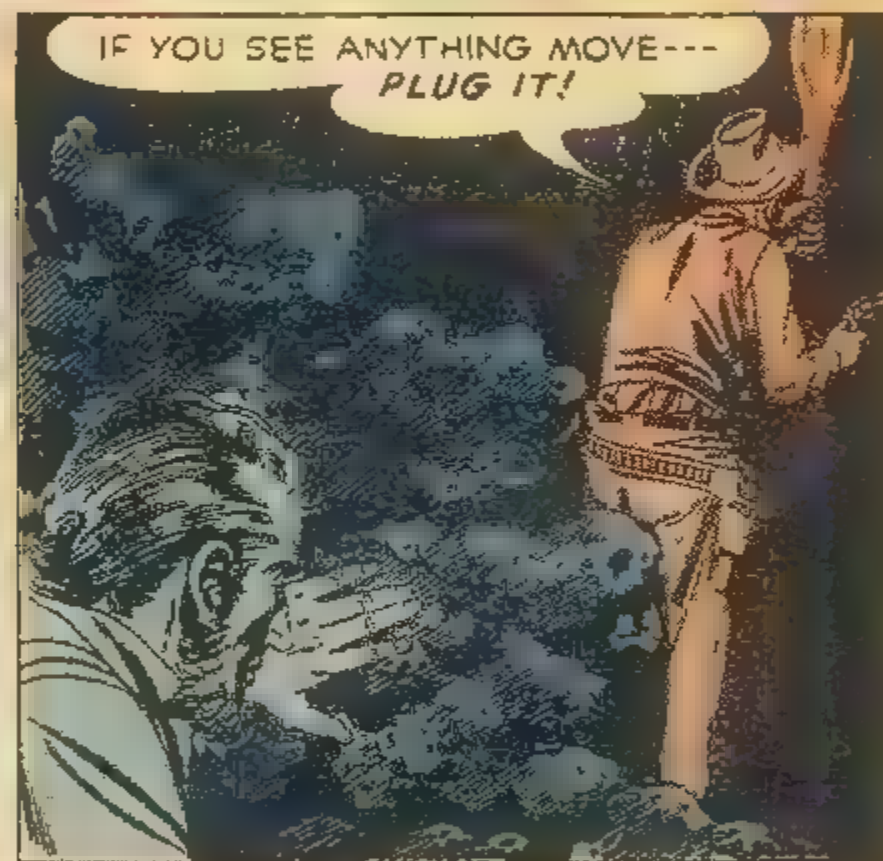
A MINUTE LATER



WHAT IN BLAZES?
THE OTHER ONE'S GONE!



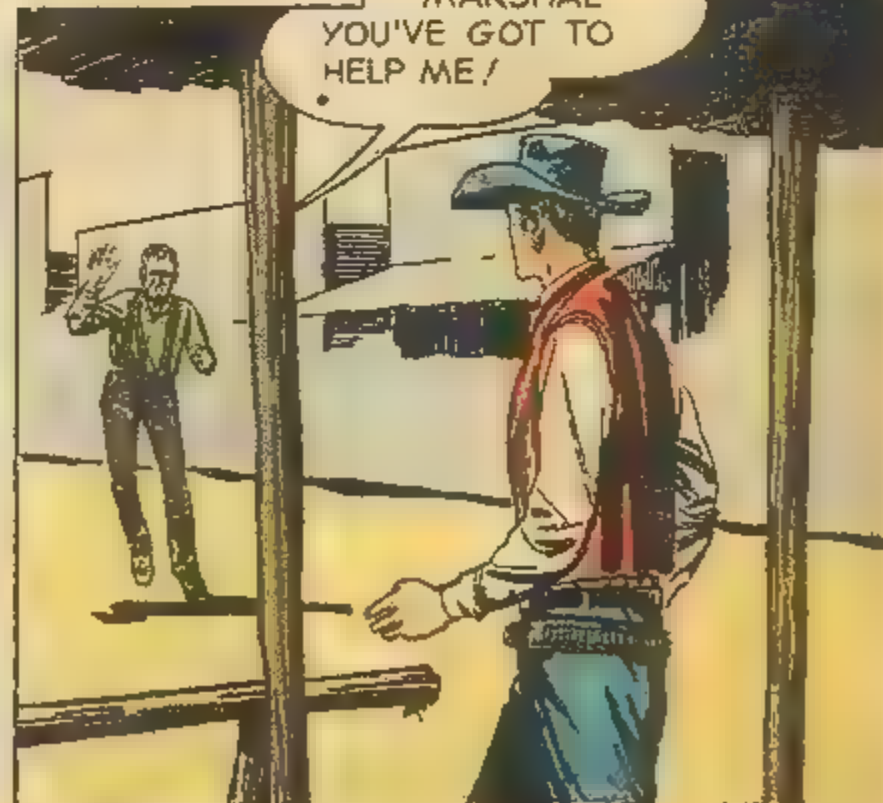
HE CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR!
AFTER HIM!



IF YOU SEE ANYTHING MOVE---
PLUG IT!

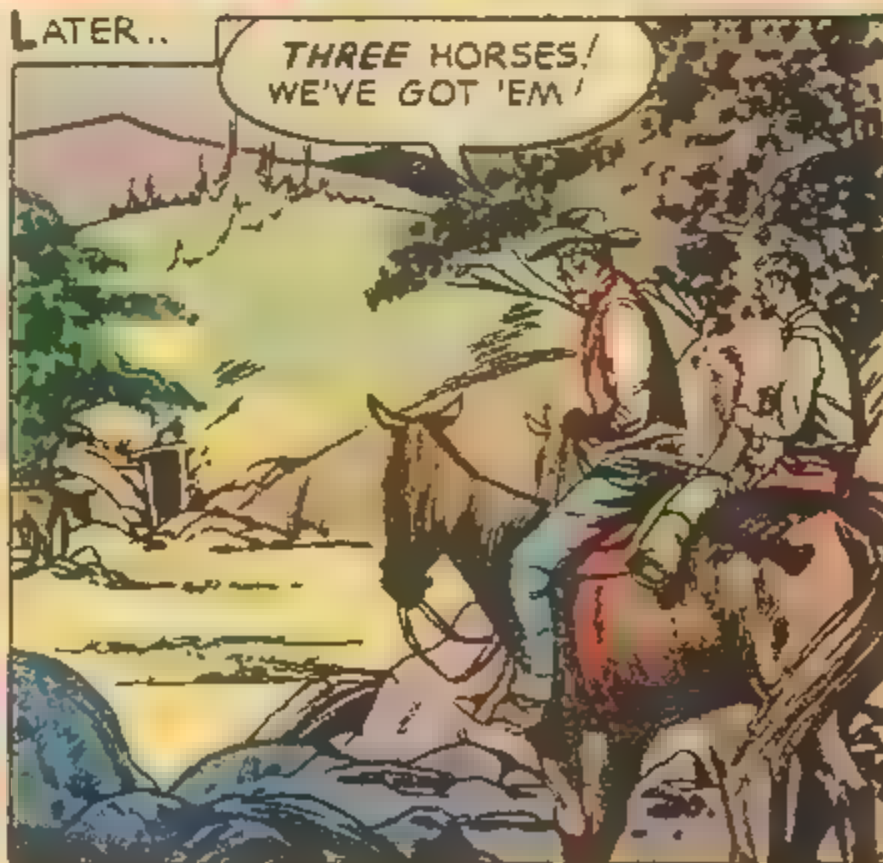
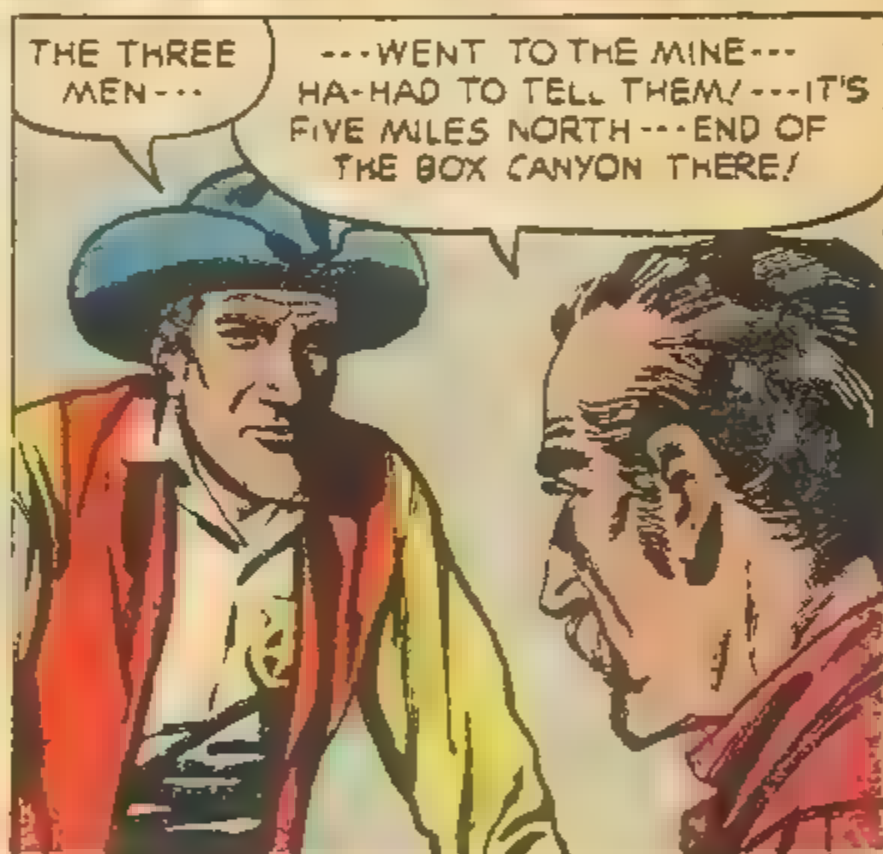
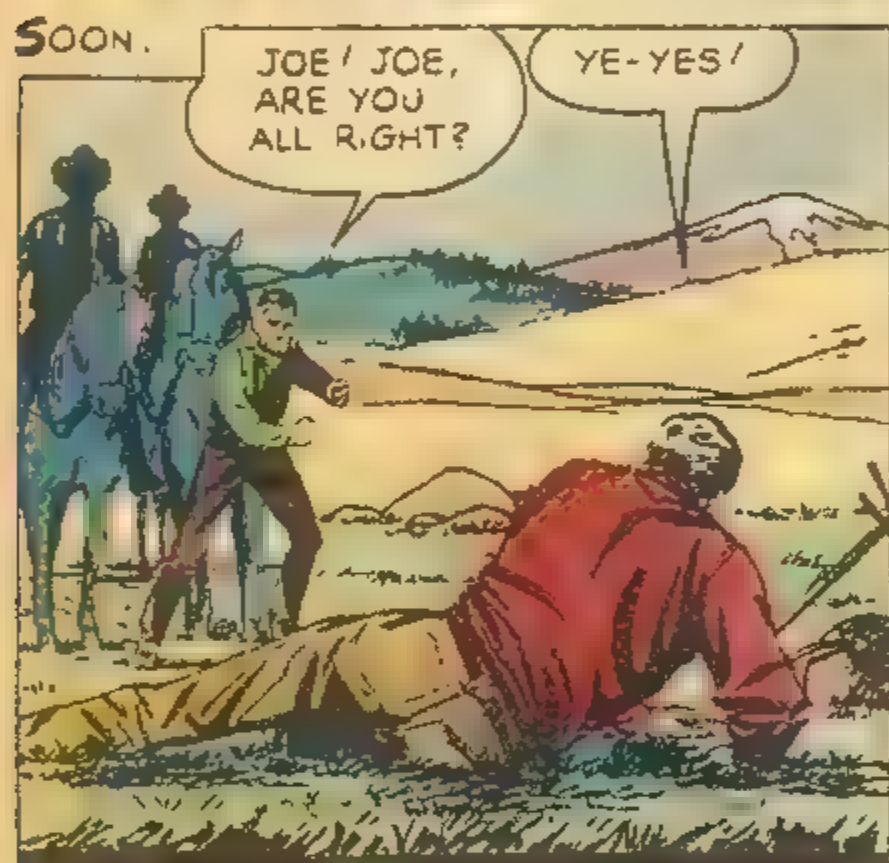
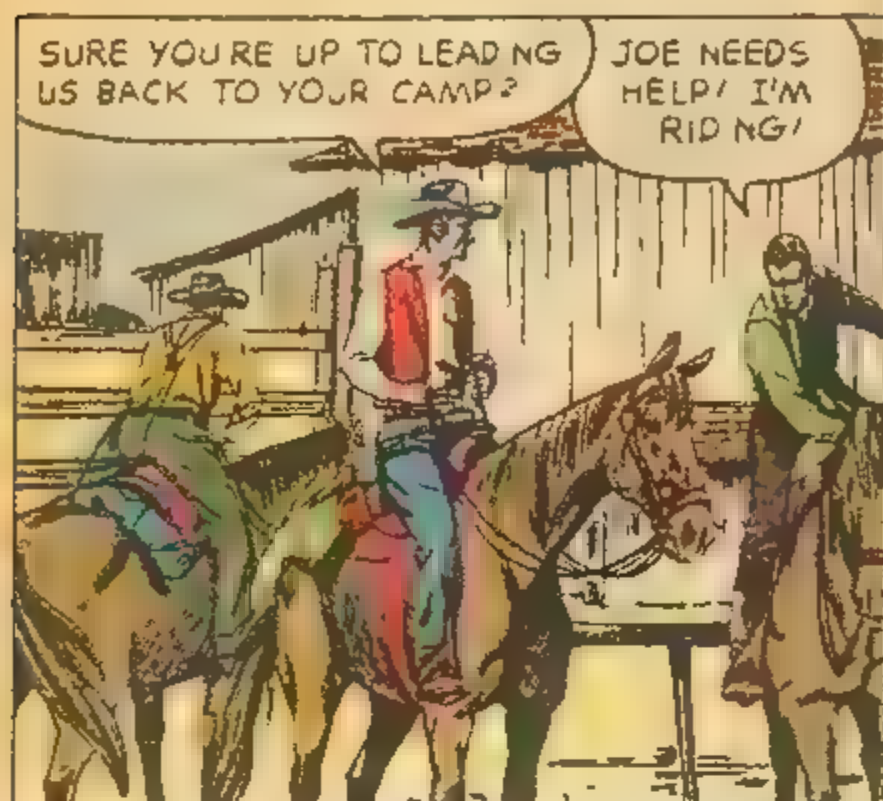


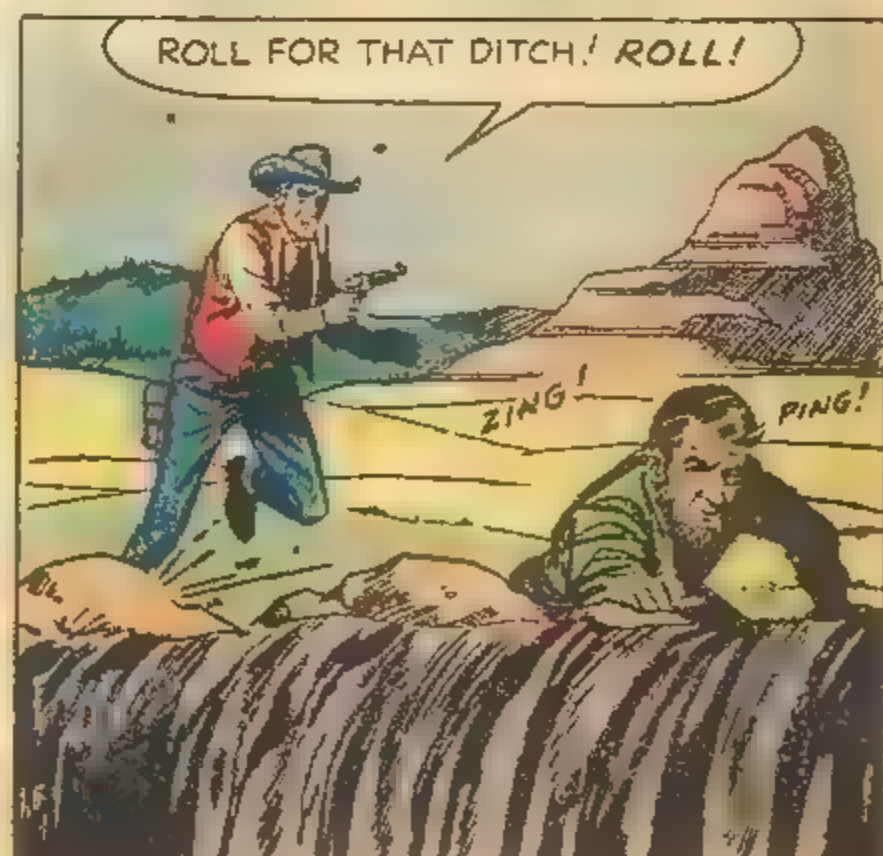
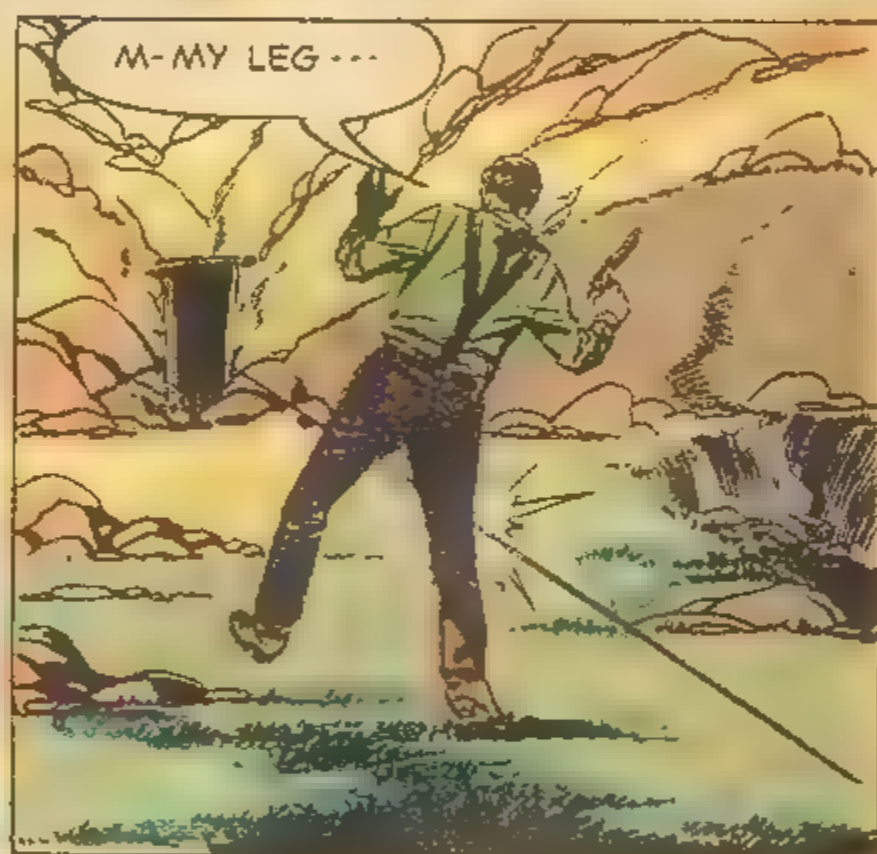
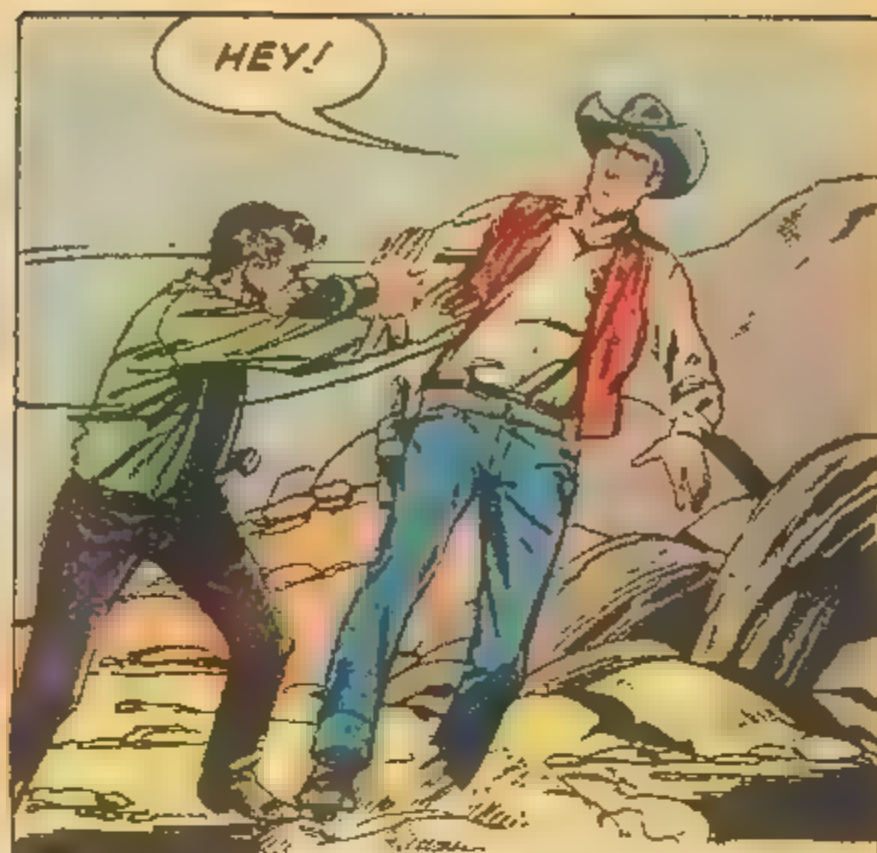
NEXT MORNING...



MARSHAL---
YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME!

QUICKLY, PETE DORAN TELLS WHAT HAPPENED







FO-FORGET ME---

SAVE YOUR BREATH!



YOU'RE SAFE HERE!

SHOULD HAVE LET THEM PLUG ME! BEEN MY OWN FAULT FOR NEVER LEARNING! I HAD TO TRY TO PLAY A LONE HAND AGAIN!



WELL, I DON'T BELIEVE IN BITING OFF MORE THAN I CAN SAFELY CHEW! I'M GOING TO NEED YOUR HELP TO GET THEM!



MINUTES LATER...

COVER ME WHILE I THROW THIS SMOKING BALL OF GRASS IN THERE!



ALL RIGHT, PETE! CUT LOOSE!

BANG! BLAM!



I-I'M HIT---



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Gunsmoke published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1958.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1958.

JOHN C. WEBER
(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1960)

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County _____ State _____

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500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota
Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ Zone _____
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is so hot I get all choked up. My mouth is so hot I
can't even shout, like traffic jam drivers do."**



**"That's when I take a nice
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